

STORIES IN SONG AND OTHER POEMS



WILLIAM
GRANT
BROOKS

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STORIES IN SONG

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

WILLIAM GRANT BROOKS.

INTRODUCTION BY

Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, Pastor of the Cutts Avenue Free Baptist Church
Saco, Maine, and Author of "In the Path of Light Around the World."

Biographical Sketch by Philip C. Tapley.

ILLUSTRATED.

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AUTHOR'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

STORIES IN SONG
AND OTHER POEMS.

DEDICATION.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER,
MRS. HARRIET C. BROOKS.

Passed away Aug. 20, 1896.
Aged 64 years, 3 months, 28 days.

“ I shall never know another,
Like my dear and sainted mother ;
She was faithful to her family, to her neighbors, to her God !
Her long life was freely given,
For our welfare she had striven,
She has earned the Christian's heritage—she has gone to her reward.”



PREFACE.

If a book do not apologize for itself, it is in vain for the author to attempt it by a preface.

Yours Faithfully
Wm Grant Brooks

INTRODUCTION.

Walton in his "Complete Angler" says: "Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are born so." We may say that this is from the standpoint of an enthusiastic angler, but we find that Bailey says:

"Poetry is in itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers."

As to the origin of poetry the angler and the poet agree; and without doubt they have spoken the truth.

Poetry is a thing of God, and the poetic genius is a gift; it stirs the best in our hearts, because the best has brought it forth; it stimulates to lofty deeds because it springs from lofty conceptions.

Poetry better than prose reveals the writer. Imagine if you will the muse stirring the embers of thought and feeling, directing the pen, but conception and expression are ever moulded and colored by the writer's characteristics.

In poetry as in painting methods of expression differ widely. Schools of poetry like schools of philosophy have gathered about those whose productions have made them eminent. Pope, Dryden's pupil, had many copyists. The Wordsworth school is still in existence, Longfellow's style and method have many imitators, and we might mention many more of whom this is true. Shakespeare and Milton have had their imitators, but perhaps they have hardly been at the head of a school, for the reason that they have stood alone, inimitable, the one in dramatic and the other in epic poetry.

Perhaps nothing is more essential in poetry than pure and lofty conceptions, expressed in simple and luminous style. Bryant speaks of two wrong tendencies on the part of seekers after poetic fame; he says: "One of these is the desire to extort admiration by striking novelties of expression." In such cases the struggle and strain to carry out this purpose is apparent and the true genius of song is strangled. The other tendency is: "The ambition to distinguish themselves by subtleties of thought remote from the common apprehension. Obscurity is unpoetic; while poetry brings to the surface mind gems, it is limpid, light and luminous. It seems to us that Bryant might have spoken of another wrong tendency, namely, simply

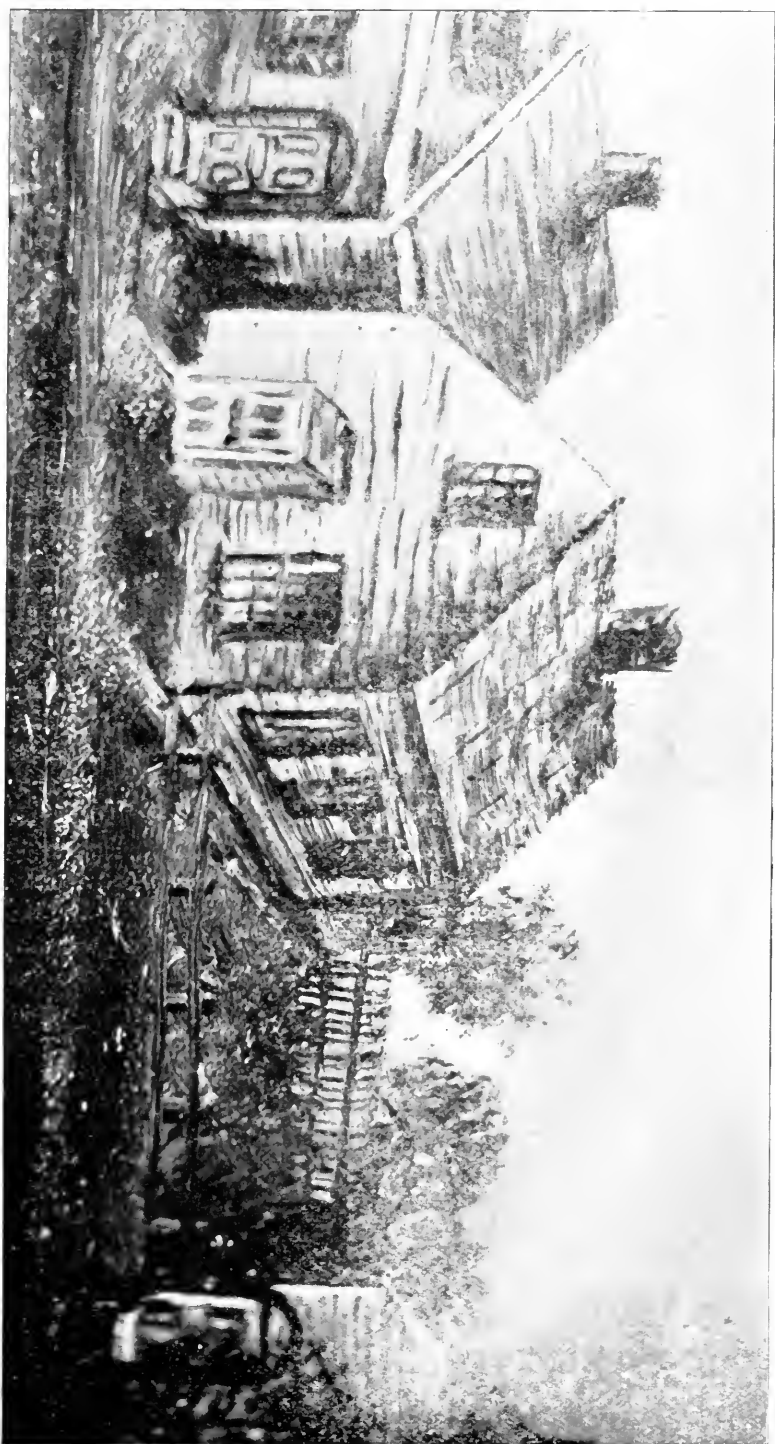
rhyming. In much that goes for poetry the chief end seems to be to make words rhyme. No doubt the makers of such verse have found with Fielding that "Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things sir." But there is poetry, beautiful, inspiring poetry that does not rhyme at all, and in which there is no attempt at rhyming. Metre is far more essential than rhyme and yet Emerson says: "It is not metres, but a metre-making argument that makes a poem."

"The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man," says Bryant. If he is right—and he was a censor—"Stories in Song and Other Poems" will be of interest to the general reading public, for these characteristics inhere in them; the thought is largely concerning every day experiences, the language, plain and unmistakable; with no attempt at striking novelties, the frank and honest thought, betray a frank and honest heart.

For two reasons this collection will be of interest to the people of Saco and Biddeford. First, because the author was born and has always resided in the former city. Having won the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens, they have a just pride in his musical and literary achievements. Second, because many of the scenes and events set forth are based upon local facts which have existed in the past, or do exist at the present time.

Many will be greatly interested in Personal Poems. Poems on Temperance and Patriotism, all will appreciate the tender tributes to "Mother" but it appears to us that Bill and Joe's Reunion, The Fallen Oak, Warned Out, To a faded Flower and Except in August are among the most attractive in the collection. May "Stories in Song and other Poems" go forth to instruct, inspire and comfort.

THOMAS H. STACY.



BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM GRANT BROOKS.

AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY.

William Grant Brooks was born February 26, 1869, at Saco, Maine, in humble circumstances and obtained a limited education in the public schools of his native place. Most of his education he was destined to obtain by contact with the world for he was obliged to leave school at the age of thirteen to earn his own livelihood and help support the family.

At a very early age he manifested a remarkable aptitude for music and at the age of twelve years could play in a creditable manner upon numerous instruments, never having had the assistance of a teacher during this time. At the age of fifteen, he purchased an organ and began the study of music in earnest, but owing to limited means, could take only a few lessons and after a time was forced to give up his teacher and pursue his way alone, which he has ever since done with notable ability and success.

In 1888, Mr. Brooks composed a temperance song entitled "The Drunkard's Child's Farewell" which was published by Oliver Ditson Co., of Boston. The popularity and success of this work, encouraged the author to try again and since that date he has composed many works which have become known and given him a reputation far beyond the borders of his native State.

Among his instrumental pieces are "Department Commander Burbank's Grand March," "Governor Henry B. Cleaves' Grand March," "The Cavalrymen's Raid," dedicated, by permission, to Major General John M. Schofield, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. A., "Governor Burleigh's Reception March," which is considered by critics one of the very best Marches written in recent years and "The Dirigo State (Two Step) March," which was performed by Sousa's Grand Concert Band in Saco City Hall, April 28th, 1897, the occasion being graced with the presence of that distinguished Soldier and Statesman, Major General Joshua L. Chamberlain, Ex-Governor of Maine, to whom the March was dedicated and Mrs. Chamberlain.

Although Mr. Brooks is best known to the world at present, through his musical compositions, within the last few years he has

begun to attract attention as a poet and gives promise of a brilliant future in this line.

His poem, entitled "The Tramp Musician" is universally known and justly celebrated, being pronounced by critics a very finely written poem. Hezekiah Butterworth, in a personal letter to the author said of it, "*This has merit. The story is admirable and some of the lines are dramatic and admirably written.*" From the public at large he has received many testimonials of praise in regard to it. His poem, "The World's Ready Helpers," has recently been published in China in the Chinese language.

In addition to the works named in this sketch, he has written many others both musical and poetical, also a few prose works.

In person, Mr. Brooks is tall, erect and of such a generally striking physique that he would attract attention among hundreds. His character is of the best, the result of the training of a christian mother, to whose influence he attributes in a large measure his success.

He is a prominent member of the Grand Lodge of Maine Good Templars, and has never tasted liquor nor tobacco in any form. He is also a member of Mavoshen Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., of Biddeford, Maine, the Royal Arcanum Sons of Temperance, and several other secret orders.

The late General Neal Dow of Portland, Maine, was a warm personal friend of Mr. Brooks, and between the two there existed a tie of sympathy and regard for each other that remained unbroken until the General's death, which occurred at Portland, Oct. 2nd, 1897.

With a kind and sympathetic nature and a genial disposition, Mr. Brooks makes one of the pleasantest of companions and scores of his fellow townemen and others are glad to number him among their friends.

PHILIP C. TAPLEY.

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THE TRAMP MUSICIAN.

NOTE.—The household goods of a ruined millionaire were being sold at auction and a fashionable assembly of bidders were present. The auctioneer came to a handsome grand square piano, and, as he opened it, he observed that the makers' catalogue price for the instrument was fourteen hundred dollars. Then he invited any one present to try the instrument, so that all present might hear its tone.

"Now, here's a grand piano!
Its action is complete;
No blemish mars its polished case,
Its tone is pure and sweet.
Before I sell the instrument
Will someone volunteer
To try it, so all present
Its silvery voice may hear?"

"Come, try it," said the auctioneer;
"I'll wait a moment more."
At this second invitation
There's a stir out by the door,
And then a man advances,
See his pale and haggard face!
Amid that grand assembly
He seems strangely out of place.

Upon his thin, worn features
Dissipation's seal is set,
And a hungry, wild expression
Is seen in his eyes of jet.
His clothes are soiled and ragged,
His hair uncombed and long;
Yet on he goes—unmindful
Of the rich and well-dressed throng.

Straight up to the piano—
He seemed a spectre from the tomb—
A murmur of astonishment
Is heard around the room;

The Tramp Musician.

At last, the whole assembly,
 With taunting jeer and shout,
 Rush forward, madly crying :
 " Let's put the vagrant out ! "

He hesitates one moment,
 Then his fingers touch the keys ;
 A few soft notes, whose power sets
 The maddened throng at ease.
 Then a sudden burst of melody,
 And the throng spoke not a word,
Beethoven's grandest music
Thrilled the souls of all who heard.

The piano was almost speaking,
 And a voice from heaven above
 Seemed talking, through its trembling strings,
 And telling earth of love :
 The lofty strains are ended,
 But the music does not cease ;
 For melody follows melody,
 Like a river of endless peace.

Listen ! he is improvising !
 The throng with wonder look,
 As tones full of joy and sunshine
 Flow on like a laughing brook :
 Breathlessly they listen
 To each melodious strain,
 Now like the warble of singing birds,
 Now like the pattering rain.

The sunlight seems to disappear,
 And night envelopes day :
 As slowly, a touch of sadness
 Creeps into the melody.
 The hearts of the throng are melted,
 Their eyes are filled with tears,
 And the past that looms before them
 Seems a life of wasted years.

And now comes the sweetest, saddest,

Grandest song 'neath heaven's dome ;
The air seems sweeter than ever ;
'Tis the melody, "*Home Sweet Home*."
Slower and softer the music,
Like the wind through treetops sighing,
Till the faintest murmur lingers,
As a soul that's sinking—dying.

Now the music ceases ;
The last note dies away,
And falling across the keyboard,
All motionless he lay ;
The auctioneer touched his shoulder,
But the vagabond's life was done ;
With the dying notes of "*Home Sweet Home*,"
His immortal life begun.

THE BEACON AND THE BELL.

T'was midnight on the lonely sea,
Great storm-clouds decked the threatening sky ;
While up and down the rocky coast,
The milk-white spray rose high.

The vivid lightnings flashed and played,
Peal upon peal, the thunders rolled ;
And over all the mighty deep,
The icy winds blew cold.

A ship, with canvas hung in shreds,—
Torn by the hurricane's rude blast ;—
Was struggling onward through the gloom,
With broken spar and mast.

The tired seamen, sought to hear
The bell-buoy, ringing o'er the main ;
And many times they ceased their toil,
To listen—but in vain.

Although its ponderous brazen tongue,
Rang out, that night, with lusty will ;
Its tones were lost amid the storm,
Whose roar was louder still.

Alas ! the ship ran on the rocks !
Her crew, so noble, strong and brave,
Sank helpless, 'neath the scathing foam
Into an ocean grave !

Ah ! had a beacon light stood there,
Upon those rocks, in that dread hour ;
The sailors might have seen the rays,
Flash from its turret tower.

For, though the angry tempest's roar,
All through that dark and dreary night :
Could drown the clanging of the bell.
It ne'er could hide the light !

And, aided by its steady flame,
The ship with safety, might have passed
Far out beyond the dangerous reef ;
And gain the port at last.

* * * * *

Of't-times we meet with needy souls
Who, drifting on life's troubled wave ;
Are like the struggling mariner,
With none to help or save.

And many—*knowing of their wants*,
Along the shore will idly stand ;
And, like the bell-buoy—*make a noise*,
But *give no helping hand !*

Then there are those unselfish ones,
Who go about from day to day ;
Who, by their kindly acts and deeds,
Illumine life's dark way.

And, as the beacon's steady rays,
Bring cheer to sailors hearts at night ;
So these, with pleasant word and smile,
Make all our burdens light.

In aiding weary, care-worn hearts,
We give joy to ourselves as well ;
So, on life's shore, *better to be*
A beacon, than a bell !

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO SACO. 1825.

[As told by an old man to his Grandchildren.]

I've a story for you children—listen then—come
close to me ;
T'is no quaint old Indian Legend, nor a dark tale
of the sea.

Nor is it of some strange Monarch who a
ruler's scepter sways :
But a great event, that happened in old Saco's
early days.

From a Tyrant's grasp our Country years before
had won release :
We had gained our Independence and the bright
Angel of Peace,

Hovered o'er a happy people—o'er a Nation
henceforth free :—
Ever with increasing brightness shines her
Star of Destiny—

In the great struggle for Freedom from Oppression's
heavy hand ;
One there was who came to aid us from a
distant foreign land.

History tells his noble record—of great battles
fought and won ;
How he gained undying laurels, by the side
of Washington.

Ever through the coming ages, till the sun
no more shall set ;
Fame will crown with deathless glory the
great name of Lafayette !

Yes, 'tis of this Patriot, children, that my story
has to do ;
And how Saco once received him, I shall now
relate to you.

T'was a June day, bright and lovely, in the
year of '25 ;—
Since then how the years have faded—and
but few are now alive ;

Of the throng of loyal people, gathered on
that summer day
To do honor to the hero—nearly all have
passed away.

Saco then was not the city, that your youthful
eyes behold ;
Customs at that time prevailing, now would seem
both strange and old.

Scores of shady streets, where many of our
finest dwellings stand ;
In the days of which I'm speaking were but
woods and pasture land.

The old bridge that spanned the river, stood
then just below the Falls ;
And the highway leading to it, even now my
mind recalls.

Both the town and highways, over which the
people went and came ;
All are changed—there's scarce a feature, that
today appears the same.

The whole Nation's growth and progress, has been
wonderful since then ;
Railroads were as yet unthought of, in the wildest
dreams of men.

All the marvels of invention, that today we call
our own ;
Which to our eyes seem so common, were in early
days unknown.

And the doors were thrown wide open free to all,
 who might attend ;
 That is how the old town welcomed, *Lafayette*,
 Columbia's Friend.

Children, from life's stage of action long ago he
 passed away ;
 War's dull roar wakes not his slumbers—France now
 guards his precious clay.

Though my sun of life is setting, yet with every
fleeing breath ;
I would sound his wondrous praises, till my old eyes
close in death.

Here's a narrow bit of ribbon, that I wore when he
 was here ;
 Look ! his name is still upon it in bold letters bright
 and clear !

Now I leave it to your keeping—guard it, children,
sacredly ;
As a loved and sweet memento of those happy days
gone by.

In the march of time and progress, old things oft
from earth are swept ;
But the great house still is standing, where that night
the hero slept.

On Spring's Island, all undaunted amid winters wind
and storm ;
Each succeeding day, the sunlight shines upon its
towering form.

There it stands ! *a shrine of history* !—to all who its
walls behold ;
May it serve as a reminder of eventful days
of old.

And alike in summer sunshine, or in winters chilling
blast
May it stand!—*the link that ever binds the Present to
the Past.*

BILL AND JOE'S REUNION.

[Respectfully dedicated to my friend Mr. W. W. McIntyre, Saco, Maine.]

“ On what charge,” asked his honor,

“ Is this man to be tried ? ”

“ Drunk, sir, and disorderly ! ”

The officer replied.

Within the spacious courtroom,

The spectators were few ;

The prisoner was a soldier,

Dressed in the army blue.

The Judge saw on his lapel,

That emblem, so well known,

The old Grand Army button :

And pointing to his own

Said in a voice more gentle,

“ My friend, what means this, pray

Speak up and tell me, comrade,

How came you here today ?

“ I'll tell you :—Please your honor,

Some fifty years ago,

Amid the hills of Cumberland

I lived with brother Joe ;

Joe was a smart young fellow,

And just before the war,

Had fitted up an office

As ‘ Counsellor at Law.’ ”

“ Our parents had been buried,

For fully seven years ;

When old Abe Lincoln issued

His call for volunteers.

So Joe and I enlisted,
And started for the front ;
Where with our noble comrades,
We bore the battles brunt.

“ At the ‘ Battle of Chickamauga ’
Our brave and valliant men
Charged on the Southern forces ;
But were repulsed again.
I tell you it was grand, sir,
The way those boys did fight,
While ‘ round ‘em rebel bullets,
Were flying left and right.

“ And how the cannon thundered,
As with each fiery breath,
They rained upon our comrades
Their iron hail of death.
That day the blood flowed freely
From scores of ‘ Boys in blue ’ ;
I lost my own leg there, sir,
Before that fight was through.

“ That night the rebels bore me
With other wounded men,
To Andersonville prison,
That filthy Southern pen ;
Where for a year I suffered,
Amid the stifling air ;
And lots of Union comrades,
Death ‘ mustered out ’ while there.

“ When they at last paroled me,
My first thoughts were of Joe ;
And back to dear old Cumberland,
I soon resolved to go.
But Joe had left the old home,—
I did not care to stay—
And feeling sort ‘ o lonesome,
I’ve drifted out this way.

“ Last night I met a comrade,
A ‘ prison ’ chum of mine ;

And I'll admit, your honor,
 We soon were feeling fine.
 And then perhaps our singing
 Of some old army song ;
 Annoyed the people 'round us,
 But we meant nothing wrong.

" They've never heard those war songs,
 Sung in true soldier style ;
 Accompanied by the humming
 Of bullets all the while,
 We had no ' grand piano,'
 With tones so rich and sweet ;
 But sang 'em in the sixties,
 To the tramp of marching feet.

" Your honor, I plead guilty
 Of being drunk last night ;
 But sir, I ask for mercy,
 Please make my sentence light."'
 The Judge throughout the story
 Sat thinking of the past ;
 And, tremb'ling with emotion
 He rose—and said at last :

" The guilty ones must suffer
 For all their evil ways ;
 And this court hereby orders
 That your remaining days,—
 No sir ! I will not give you
 A chance to pay a *fine* !
 But sentence you for life, sir—
 To dwell with me and mine ! "

The veteran looked bewildered ;
 But as memory helped him trace
 The features of his brother
 In the stern old Judge's face,
 He stumped forward to greet him ;
 The Judge sprang from his chair ;
 And Joe and Bill, both sobbing
 Embraced each other there.

The brothers left the courtroom ;
Their hearts with joy o'er ran ;
And from that happy moment,
Bill's life sentence began.
Within the Judge's parlor
That night, while tears flowed fast,
They held a " Grand Reunion,"
Though thirty years had passed !

MOONLIGHT ON THE SACO RIVER.

[As Seen From the Hill at the Foot of Gray's Avenue.]

From Heaven's cloudless sea of blue,
The countless jeweled stars looked down ;
High in the east, the Harvest Moon
Its glory shed o'er hill and town.
It is the quiet evening hour ;
Beneath the radiant beams soft glow ;
Alone, upon the hill I stand,
And watch the peaceful river flow.

In dreamy silence, moving free,
Winding on its seaward way ;
Its tranquil bosom, wide and deep,
Reflecting back each slanting ray.
Along the rough, uneven shore,
Afar to the river's marsh-bound rim ;
In dim outline upon the banks
The gaunt trees stand with leafless limb.

Near to the shore at either side,
Where long black wharves their shadows cast ;
Boats, lightly resting on the tide,
Are anchored at their moorings fast.
Across the river, bright and clear,
Dotting the shore to wood-crowned Heights ;—
As stars that in the darkness shine—
I see the gleam of city lights.

Grim old sentinels towering high,
In stoic silence on the view ;
The buildings 'round about me stand,
Clad in their robes of sombre hue.
Far o'er the landscape's broad expanse,
Throughout the visions widest range ;
Familiar scenes assume queer forms,
Weird, ghostly, phantom-like and strange.

SAGO RIVER AS SEEN FROM GRAY'S HILL.



Rising high, where the swift tide runs
The narrow rock-ribbed gorge between ;
Cutts Island Hill with rounded dome
Outlined against the sky is seen.
And ever, on the still night air,
Floats the solemn ceaseless moan ;—
The distant rumble of the Falls,
In steady low sad monotone.

Out of the Narrows, far below,
A tugboat, in the moonlight clear ;
Steams gracefully around the bend,
On its way to Island Pier.
Past Gray's Point, with measured stroke,
It sails—the smoke in circles rising high ;
The sound of voices, faint and low,
Comes from the deck as it passes by.

While gazing on the moonlit scene,
I think of the " Long-long Ago " ;
When as a child I used to stand
And watch the boats pass to and fro.
Ah ! those sweet happy childhood hours !
Time's fleetest wings have borne away ;—
To brighten all my future years
They'll ever live in memory.

I think, too, of the far-off days
When the forests and the hills around
To noise of hammer, saw and plane,
Re-echoed back the joyful sound.
When thick and fast, the builders axe
Sent scattering the flying chip ;
While shaping on the giant stays,
The oaken timbers of the ship.

Again, I mingle with the throng
Of people, at the Launchings there ;
I hear their glad exultant shouts
Break forth upon the morning air.
I see the good ship, gliding down
Her slippery ways so gracefully ;

And out upon the broad deep stream—
To breast the tempests of the sea.

But the master-builder, long ago
Was carried to his final rest ;
The rays of many moons, have sent
Their light upon the river's breast.
The Yard is empty—all is still—
We'll ne'er again 'neath vaulted skies
Behold the ship upon the stays,
Nor see her shapely timbers rise.

When winter's snows were drifted high,—
The bleak north winds blew strong and cold—
How oft around the glowing hearth
I've listened—as the tales were told,
Of savages, who with cunning stealth
Along the river's steep banks crept
And massacred families in the night,
As unsuspectingly they slept.

The hardy pioneers' exploits,
Their customs—sufferings and needs ;
Stories of fierce battles fought,
Of strange adventures—daring deeds !
And to my boyish mind and heart,—
While listening to each uttered word ;—
There seemed a weird, romantic charm
Around the wondrous tales I heard.

Those dark, eventful days are passed,
Upon the river—never-more
Will Indians steer their light canoe :
Or in the waters dip their oar.
Towns and cities have risen, where
The red-man's wigwam used to be ;
And all along the stream, is heard
The busy hum of industry.

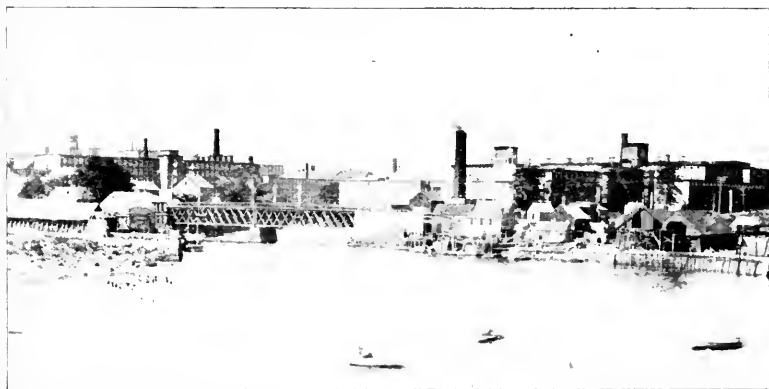
Flow on bright river of my youth !
Thy praises I will ever sing !
And unto thee with willing heart
My tribute of affection bring.



HIDEFORD HEIGHTS.

Flow ever onward to the sea,—
Fling thy pure waters on its breast !
Thy journey o'er—*there* thou shalt find
Enduring and eternal rest !

May we, with thy tranquility,
Pass uncomplainingly through life ;
Surmounting obstacles in our path,
And with a smile meet grief and strife.
Cheerfully on to our journey's end,
Looking toward the goal above ;
Until, like thee, we lose ourselves
In one great sea of endless love !



A HERO OF THE SEA.

NOTE.—Captain John F. Taylor of the steamship Colima, wrecked on the Mexican coast in the Pacific, on May 27th, 1895, will be remembered among the dead heroes of the sea. He showed his Yankee valor and American grit in the last act of his life. The ship was foundering and had begun her last plunge while Taylor stood at his post on the bridge, calmly awaiting the end. Just as the final lurch came, he seized the rope to the steamship's whistle and as the vessel went down, blew three long blasts. Not since the American ships went down at Samoa with their bands playing national airs, has such a characteristic exhibition of self control and fearlessness been seen in a sea tragedy. Captain Taylor was only 41 years old.—NEW YORK SUN.

In the glad and beauteous springtime,
One bright day in sunny May ;
From a western Port, the Colima
Weighing anchor—steamed away.

As she glided down the harbor,
There arose a mighty cheer ;
From the throats of hundreds, watching
Her departure from the pier.

Passing by the rocky headlands,
Sailing gracefully and free ;
Each revolution of her sidewheels,
Bore her further out to sea.

With the motion of the billows,
She rocked gently to and fro ;
Keeping time to measured throbbing
Of her engines, down below.

Every one on board seemed happy,
Some within the cabin sat ;
Others on the deck were walking,
Or engaged in friendly chat.

As night, with its deepening shadows
O'er the blue Pacific fell ;
Not a thought of pending danger,
Marred the quiet evening spell.

Through the gloom, a lonely beacon
Flashed its beams across the wave ;
Or among the rocks, a bellbuoy
Rang out warnings to the brave.

While anon, a dismal foghorn
In sad monotones would blow ;—
Thus the night passed—morning found them,
Off the coast of Mexico.



CAPT. TAYLOR.

Suddenly, a heavy crashing
Comes with awful deathlike sound !
And the great ship reels and staggers,
Then it partly wheels around !

With her trusty rudder broken,
Now the steamer drifts and balks :
As a bird with broken pinions,
She is helpless 'mong the rocks.

Well the Captain knew the meaning

Of the sounds that reached his ears ;
And with grim determination,
On the ship's bridge he appears !

In a steady voice, he orders
His brave men to lower the boats ;
" Save the women first—and children—
Quick lads, while the old ship floats ! "

Men and women, nearly frantic,
Groaned and prayed with every breath ;—
On the Colima's bridge stood Taylor,
Calmly, face to face with death.

With his hands upon the railing,
As he looks from stern to prow ;—
Not a trace of terror, lingers
On his noble manly brow !

While the ship stands on her beam-ends.
E're she plunges 'neath the wave ;
Fearlessly her young commander,
With a heart yet strong and brave,

Grasps the whistle-rope and pulls it,
Thrice he blows a lengthened blast !—
In the deep and foaming waters.
Man and steamship sink at last !

Out across the wild Pacific,
The whistle sounded loud and clear ;—
A salute to those who struggled
On the broken wreckage near,

Aye ! a greeting to old ocean !
A salute to death as well !
To the dead and to the dying,
T'was a sad,—yes—*final knell !*

Never braver man than Taylor,
Sailed upon the rolling sea ;
Never dwelt a nobler hero,
'Neath the old flag of the free !

You may take the whole world's history,
All its storied pages scan ;
And you ne'er will find a record,
Of a more courageous man.

Seldom has our nation witnessed,
Such grand self control before ;—
Once—when those brave hearted seamen
Sank in death just off Samoa !

Who, while yet their ship is sinking,
Each man to the deck repairs ;
And they pass their final moments,
Singing patriotic airs.

With the band on deck still playing,
They cheer the "Banner of the Brave ;"
'Till each voice is stilled forever,
'Neath the ocean's restless wave.

Honor to those valiant heroes !—
Worthy of their native land—
Records of such deeds, will ever
Through eternal ages stand !

Surrounded by a fadeless glory,
High upon the " Scroll of Fame ; "
Side by side, with Samoa's heroes,
Will be found brave Taylor's name !

And the Captain's dying signal,
Sounding like a muffled drum ;
O'er the blue Pacific waters,
Will be heard for years to come !

Religious Poems.

THE POWER OF A SONG.

As I strolled through a foreign city,
 At the close of one Christmas day ;
 Into an old cathedral,
 My footsteps chanced to stray.
 And I beheld within its portals
 A scene of splendor bright ;
 As the chandeliers above me
 Sent down their flood of light.

There were the massive columns,
 And the ceiling rich and grand ;—
 On the frescoed walls were paintings,
 Rare works of a master's hand.
 T'was a scene of classic beauty,
 That met my wondering eyes ;
 It seemed as if I'd entered
 The gates of Paradise.

And I heard the notes of the organ,
 From the choir loft above ;
 As its sweet tones floated downward,
 In whisperings of love.
 How my heart thrilled with emotion,
 At the tender, soothing sound ;
 In my inmost soul, the music
 An answering echo found.

The chords became more stately,
 As they pealed from the organ's throat ;
 And a sound as of heavenly triumph,
 Rang out in every note.
 The sadness of earth, was pictured
 In a tender minor strain ;
 That brought to my mind dark visions
 Of misery, want and pain.

Then a melody—O so restful ;

And my heart was soon at ease ;
For a message of God's great goodness
Poured forth from the organ keys.
Now slowly—as sinks at twilight
The rays of the setting sun,—
So sank the last note into silence,
And the great prelude was done.

In the choir, there rose a maiden,
So beautiful and fair ;
It seemed as if an angel
From Heaven was standing there.
T'was the form of a lovely singer ;
And a hush as still as death
Seemed hovering o'er the people
As they sat with bated breath.

Softly the chords of music,—
In an echo far away—
O'er the throng came gently stealing,
Like the breath of a summer's day.
'Then tones so rich and bird-like,
Floated upon the air ;
In " Ave Maria's " sweet measures—
T'was the voice of the singer fair.

It seemed as if God was speaking
In every tone and word ;
And the heart of each hearer present,
To its inmost depth was stirred.
As triumphantly, the music
Through the old cathedral rang ;
We knew that the heart of the singer,
Was in the song she sang.

With a radiance celestial,
Her features were aglow ;
In the beauty of her presence
The heart forgot its woe.
Life's sorrows seemed to banish,
And the soul of that vast throng
Were lifted nearer Heaven,

By the singer and the song.

"*Ave Maria*,"—How sweetly
That heaven-inspired song ;
Arose with its tender cadence
Above the listening throng.
It touched the very heartstrings ;
All eyes were bathed in tears :
Strong men that night were weeping,
Who had not wept in years.

At the altar, the priest arising,
Brushed away th'unbidden tear ;
And said, "Let's pray, dear children,
For truly God is here."
Then with a tender accent,
And a power before unknown ;
He laid the people's sorrows
Before the heavenly throne.

For years, at that sacred altar
He had labored long and well ;
But that night he seemed inspired,
'Neath the music's magic spell.
From his lips fell pearls of wisdom,
As he stood in the holy place ;
And the light of love and kindness,
Beamed in the good man's face.

The final words were spoken,
The Benediction said ;
A-down the aisle, the people
Walked with reverent, solemn tread.
And out beyond the portals,
Each wending his way home—
Above—the moon shone brightly
On the cathedral's massive dome.

And not a word was uttered,
No sound fell on the air ;
Ah ! No ! Each mind was busy
With thoughts of the singer fair.
The song in the soul of each hearer

Had found a responsive chord ;
It soothed the sorrowing spirit,
And brought it nearer God.

In mem'ry, that song will linger,
As long as life remains ;
In affliction's darkest hour
I shall think of those sweet strains.
And when at last, earth's sunbeams
For me no longer shine ;
I'll pass through death's dark valley,
Cheered by that song divine.

MOTHER'S DYING PRAYER.

[Founded on the famous Hymn, "Abide with me," by Henry Francis Lyte.]

The air was hushed and still ;
The silvery moon made bright the eastern sky :
 Day had faded,
 The shadows deepened,
 As night drew nigh.
One by one, the glittering stars appeared,
Bright gems on the sea of blue above ;
No sound disturbed the stillness of the night,
 Save, from the distant woodland
 The whip-poor-will's song of love

The gentle moonbeams softened rays,
Stole through the windows of the room ;
They fell on the rough, unpainted floor,
They chased away the surrounding gloom.
With anxious heart I sat there, watching,
Listening to each deep-drawn breath ;
Bathing mother's throbbing temples,
As she lay, twixt life and death.

She awoke ! I saw her pale lips moving—
As the moonbeams shone upon her face,
It assumed a new and radiant beauty ;
Heaven's own light seemed to fill the place.—
I listened :—just the faintest whisper
Fell upon my waiting ear—
As I watched the patient face before me,
I tried to check the falling tear.

Her sunken eyes were bright and glassy,
She looked on me with deathlike stare ;
Her pale lips moved—and bending o'er her,
I caught the accents of her prayer.—
 " Lord be thou—

My— stay— and— guide—
My— eyes— grow— dim—
Fast— falls— life's— eventide—
The— darkness— deepens—
Lord— with— me— abide."

The old clock slowly chimed eleven,
From the gray steeple on the hill;
And, save for mother's heavy breathing,
The night once more was calm and still.
Her thin hands lay across her bosom,
The blood flowed to her finger-tips;
In silent sympathy, the moonbeams
Softly kissed her trembling lips.

She woke again! she looked at me;
The mother-love shone in her eye;
The same sweet smile played 'round her lips,
That I'd oft-times seen in days gone by.

"Abide— with— me"—
Her lips were moving—
"Hold thou— thy— cross
Before— my closing— eyes"—

Faint and fainter, her murmured praying—
"O—— light—— my— way—
To—— yonder—— skies"

"While— I near— the— surging— tide
Through—— death's— dark— vale
With—— me—— abide."

All was still;—From the dark church tower.
The old bell tolled the midnight hour;
I held her cold, white hand in mine,
I watched the heaving of her breast:

"Abide—— with—— me"

She closed her eyes.,

Dear mother's spirit was—— AT REST!

OPPORTUNITIES OF LIFE.

[Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Charles Haines, Biddeford, Maine.]

Though our life is sometimes dreary,
Yet, we all possess the power
Of doing good to those around us,
As the sunshine helps the flower.

Weary hearts and saddened faces,
Greet us every where we go ;
Precious jewels now lie buried,
'Neath the dust of shame and woe.

Just a word in kindness spoken ;
Just one sympathetic tear ;
Would make the heavy heart seem lighter,
And dispel the darkest fear.

We should never shrink from duty ;
Let us throw cold pride away,
And strive to do some deed of kindness
'Ere the closing of each day.

God is pleased with noble actions ;
Every deed that's done in love,
Is recorded by the angel
In that wondrous book above.

Let us help the weak and needy :
Prove a blessing to mankind ;
Live for others—and departing,
Leave a noble name behind.

LOOKING BEYOND THE SUNSET.

[To my friend Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Saco, Maine,
and Author of "In the Path of Light Around the World."]

Merging into peaceful twilight, day is drawing to a close,
Folded are the tender petals of the daffodil and rose ;
All the little feathered songsters are returning to their nest,
And the sky is bathed in splendor, as the sun sinks in the west.

Seated near the open door-way is an old man bowed with years,
Watching each receding color, as the sunlight disappears ;
And he notes the varied changes—gold to purple—then again
Deeper grows the gathering shadows, till a few bright spots remain.

Lost in silent meditation, sits he in the twilight gray,
Heeding not the passing moments—for his thoughts are far away :
He is thinking of the loved ones who, perhaps, in days of yore
Watched with him the summer sunset :—Now they're gone forever-
more !

As with wrinkled hand, he brushes from his eyes the falling tears,
Fair-haired Bess—his little grandchild—through the open door ap-
pears ;
And she asks of him a question, as she climbs upon his knees,
" What is there beyond the sunset, won't you tell me, grandpa,
please ? "

" Yes, my darling, I will tell you, so that you may understand,
Lying just beyond the sunset, is a happy, golden land ;
Full of mystery and grandeur, full of beauties, rich and rare,
There " Life's Tree " blooms by the river, amid jeweled mansions fair.

" When our loved ones die, a boatman rows them o'er the crystal sea,
And upon the shore they're waiting—watching there for you and me :
I shall soon cross o'er the waters, for your grandpa's growing old,
Soon, dear Bessie, he'll be walking through those shining streets of
gold."

"But," spoke up the child in wonder, "wont you, grandpa, need a light?"

'Cause you cannot see the pathway, in the darkness of the night."

Then the old man answered, kindly, as he stroked her silken hair,

"I will need no lamp, my darling, for *there'll be no night up there!*

"To that land beyond the sunset, unseen hands will lead the way,

Guide us to that jasper city, when we leave earth's shadows gray:

There, the Savior, by His presence, will make bright each golden street,

There it will be love and gladness and our rest will be complete.

"Look! the sun, behind yon mountain, long ago has sunk to rest,

And the shades of night have gathered, in the east and in the west:

Every vestige of the sunset from the western sky has gone,

But its golden glow will brighten all the hill-tops at the dawn!

"So, when our life's sun is sinking, death's dark night will gather 'round,

And the grim and silent boatman, wrapped in mystery profound,

O'er the wide and peaceful waters, will in safety bear us on,

Where we'll wake, amid the beauties of a bright and joyous morn.

"Yes, beyond the sunset glory, I've been looking many years,

I am ready, when the summons comes, to leave this vale of tears:

Poor old grandpa's worn and weary and he longs for sweet repose,

In that land beyond the sunset, where the day shall never close."

LIFE'S TWILIGHT AND CLOSE.

[The scene of this poem is laid in Pepperell Park, Saco, Maine.]

The sun had set, a golden glory
Lingered in the distant west;
All around was calm and peaceful,
But my heart was not at rest.

And I sat and meditated,
On the changing scenes of life;
Wondering why some hearts are happy,
While so many were at strife.

And methought, the clouds could answer,
So I raised my searching eye,
But the clouds were busy, forming
Pictured landscapes on the sky.

Earth seemed robed in quiet grandeur,
As night shades began to fall,
And the last faint glow of sunset,
Shed a lustre over all.

And the dim, mysterious future
Seemed to me not near as fair
As the park that lay before me,
Clothed in simple beauty there.

There it lay. Its grass-grown carpet
Cut by devious pathways through,
Dotted here and there with flowers
Drinking in the evening dew.

All the trees rose like grim spectres;
Crickets trilled their evening tune;
And the far-away church spire,
Partly hid the crescent moon.

The weird water tower and windmill,
 Draped in twilight's sombre hue,
 With the artificial lakelet,
 Made more charming still the view.

On the water, not a ripple
 Rose to mar its peaceful breast;
 E'en the pile of rocks beside me
 All—save my heart was at rest.



Soon I heard a long, sharp whistle,
 And a sound of rumbling wheel;
 Then, I saw a locomotive
 Plunging o'er its track of steel.

But a second—how it hurried—
 Through the darkness—on and on
 And out of sight—just so time passeth,
 The hour is here—and then—t'is gone.

Sunburned laborers came by me,

Weary with the toil of day;
Dinner pails in hand they carried,
As they went their homeward way.

And each voice betrayed a sadness,
As its tones fell on the air;
And each heart, like mine, seemed heavy,
Burdened with a weight of care.

And my restless heart grew quiet
As a deep, smooth flowing stream;
When, just then, approaching footsteps
Woke me from my thoughtful dream.

They passed on.—From o'er the river,
Bells as if with tongues of gold
From "Saint Mary's" distant tower,
The Angelus' sweet story told.

And I bowed my head in silence;
Reverently I listened there,
Till "Saint Mary's" bells ceased ringing
And the tones died on the air.

Then a voice seemed near me speaking,
And it whispered unto me,
*"When thine earthly journey's ended
Thou wilt know each mystery.*

*"Every heart must have its trials,
Each one must his burdens bear;
Good and evil, joy and sorrow,
Every one must have his share.*

*"From life's morning to its noontide,
To the setting of life's sun,
Through the gathering twilight shadows,
E'er this earthly walk is done,*

*"Man must meet with life's great changes,
Till the parting hour has flown;
After he has passed death's valley,
Then the 'Unknown' will be 'Known'!"*

PEACEFUL REST.

When our hearts are worn and weary,
Burdened with a weight of care ;
Thou hast bid us, Heavenly Father,
Seek relief of Thee in prayer.
Then when waves of doubt and sorrow,
Sweep across our troubled breast :
Wilt thou comfort and sustain us,
May we find in Thee, sweet rest :
Sweet, happy rest,—
Peaceful Rest !

THE GATEWAY.

'There's a gateway that leads to the City of Light,
Where dwelleth our Master and Lord;
And between its bright pillars, each mortal must pass,
Who enters the portals of God.

In that land just beyond the sweet "River of Rest,"
We'll meet with our loved ones, we're told;
There amid the rich splendors of glory we'll dwell,
Where new beauties forever unfold.

A kind word or a smile of a loved one that's gone,
Our sad hearts delight to recall;
Of life's fond recollections which memory holds dear,
We find these are most precious of all.

Oh the comforting thought, we shall see them again,—
Just over the river they wait—
There will be no more parting, no sorrow, nor pain,
When we pass through the beautiful gate.

'Tis said, that golden gate never is closed,
—This is one of God's promises true—
There are pleasures untold, there is sweet, happy rest,
Beyond the gate where our loved ones pass through.

Patriotic Poems.

MEMORIAL DAY—1893.

Once again we give to the boys in blue
 The right of way through our city street;
 All trade has ceased and naught is heard,
 Save the steady tramping of soldiers feet.
 The martial airs as they greet the ear
 Of the battle-scarred veteran is music sweet;
 And his heart once more throbs with youthful fire,
 As he hears again the old drums beat.

Years ago, 'mid the din and smoke of battle,
 The sight of "Old Glory" through his heart sent a thrill;
 And though his hair is white and his step be unsteady,
 Yet the aged veteran loves the old flag still.
 As he stands with that staff in his trembling hands,
 The love of a patriot beams in his eye;
 See! he watches each fold as 'tis swayed by the breeze,
 While it clings to its pennant between earth and sky!

But why does he wear that emblem of mourning?
 And why all the flowers in their beauty and bloom?
 And why does he march with that low steady tread?
 And why sound the drums like a voice from the tomb?
 Oh! this day to the veteran is the day of all days!
 The blood thrills anew in his heart old and brave,
 As he reverently kneels and places a wreath
 By the wee, small flag on his dead comrade's grave!

He drops a tear on the oval mound;
 Then silently rises and turns away;—
 It will not be long, 'ere a comrade's hand
 Will place a wreath on *his* grave some day.
 Soon for him will sound the "Taps,"—"Lights out!"
 And the soul of the veteran will speed away;
 And around the "Camp Fire" by the eternal hills,
 In *peace* will assemble the "*Blue and the Gray!*"

THE BANNER OF PEACE.

To Sherman Command, No. 1, Union Veteran's Union, Saco, Maine. With the assurance of the author's loyalty and devotion to the brave boys who wore the blue and who made it possible for our country's flag to be what it is: "The Banner of Peace."

Behold our nation's banner!
 'Tis the emblem of the free;
 It proudly waves throughout our land,
 And over every sea.
 Our fathers fought and bled and died,
 That dear old flag to save;
 They bravely faced the cannon's mouth,
 And filled a hero's grave.

It is the pride of every one
 Who loves their native land;
 To shield that banner from disgrace,
 They'd proudly take their stand.
 It is the noblest, grandest flag
 That ever was unfurled;
Long may it wave triumphantly,
Beloved by all the world.

The golden sunlight streaming down,
 How beautiful and grand;
 The glorious colors seem to blend,
 As with an artist's hand;
 To see that flag bedecked with stars,
 Its stripes and field of blue,
 It is the grandest sight on earth,
 And thrills one through and through.

It triumphed on the battle-field;
 It triumphed on the sea;
 Beneath its folds Abe Lincoln stood,
 And bid the slaves go free.
 How many a dying soldier
 Cheered it with their latest breath;

The Banner of Peace.

They sacrificed their lives for it
And now, *they sleep in death.*

Beneath our banner's silken folds,
We dwell in peace today ;
And while that flag waves on its staff,
No tyrant hand can sway.
No traitor's foot can tread this soil
To aid a cause unjust,
While we have on our nation's shield
These words, "*In God we trust!*"

Let every loyal heart rejoice,
May we be firm and true ;
Standing all unitedly
Beneath the red and blue.
*May Liberty's bright crown be ours,
The sunlight ever gleam ;
Upon our land where peace prevails,
And Freedom reigns supreme !*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

[To Fred S. Gurney Post G. A. R., Saco, Maine.]

I have been to those countries,
 Across the blue sea,
 To Europe's far-famed shore ;
 I have been through the north,
 I have been through the south,
 I have travelled this wide world o'er.
 I have seen the Alps mountains,
 So famous and high,
 With their snow-capped peaks so grand ;
 But I think we can boast,
 Of as beautiful sights,
 To be seen in our own native land.

We can boast of a Washington,
 Lincoln and Grant,
 Those mighty Commander-in-chiefs ;
 We've an Army and Navy,
 That cannot be beat,
 That will come to our nation's relief.
 We've an emblem of purity,
 Bright as the sun,
 No emblem was ever so grand :
 As that beautiful banner,
 The " Stars and the Stripes,"
 That waves o'er our dear native land.

We can boast of our waterfalls,
 Mountains and rills,
 And the wolf and the bear in his den ;
 And our steep, rugged cliffs,
 Have for hundreds of years,
 Been the theme of the poets pen.
 We have schools and colleges,
 Free to all

And freedom and liberty grand ;
And we'll have it
As long as the Stars and the Stripes,
Wave over our dear native land.

Then forever that "Star Spangled Banner" shall wave,
As long as in God we do trust ;
Then let us stand firm and never allow,
That old banner to trail in the dust.
Let our government buildings unfurl to the breeze,
That spotless banner so grand ;
To prove to the world that we're proud of the flag,
That waves o'er our dear native land !

THE NATION'S TREASURE.

Old flag, thou art the nation's treasure,
Wave thou o'er this land so free :
No traitor's hand shall ever harm thee,
Emblem of sweet liberty.

Every loyal heart adores thee,
With a patriotic love :
While Columbia's Poets praise thee,
God approves thee from above !

Personal Poems.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[On his great poem "The Chambered Nautilus."]

Glancing over literature's broad field,
Dotted with so many brilliant gems of thought ;
My eyes beheld a jewel brighter, fairer than the rest,
The work of a master-mind—'twas so divinely wrought.

With anxious beating heart I hastened on ;
Longing to reach this precious gem so rare,
And feast my eyes upon its graceful, perfect form,
And study each ray of thought that's shining there.

This rich gem, "The Chambered Nautilus,"—
For such it proved to be as I drew near—
Had a peculiar charm, a beauty all its own
Whose every thought shone out so bright and clear.

There is sweetest music in each and every line,
Its rich, low melody soothes the tired soul ;
It points us upward to a higher, nobler life,
And teaches us that earth is not our goal.

Great Poet !
Thy life is crowned with kind and gracious deeds ;
Good words and works have lined thy pathway all along ;
Our hearts are happier because *thou hast lived*,
The world is brighter and better for thy song !

A monument to thee more grand, man *cannot* give ;
Were he to try, his work would be in vain ;
For, when silver, bronze and marble shall have perished,
" *The Chambered Nautilus* " *will yet remain !*

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Noble bard
Thou who hast sung so many sweet and tender lays ;
Thou art enshrined in our nation's heart of hearts,
The world delights to speak and sing thy praise !

The warm and generous heart that beats within thy breast,
Has ever felt a pitying love for those who are oppressed ;
T'was thou who shared that glorious work,
Whereby a million slaves were made forever free;
And beneath the dear old "Stars and Stripes,"
All men are equal—all enjoy—
The same sweet peace and liberty.

Thou hast been pure, unselfish in thy ways ;
Search where we will,
A nobler life than thine we cannot find.
When thou art called to that bright home
 beyond the skies,
What spotless record thou'lt leave behind.

May God be with thee in thy ways,
His richest blessings thee be given ;
And peaceful be thy closing days,
Till thou art called from earth to Heaven.

TO GENERAL NEAL DOW. 1804—1894.

Written in honor of his "Ninetieth Birthday" and respectfully inscribed to him
by the author.

Maine bids her sons and daughters join,
With those who dwell in distant lands,
In weaving fadeless garlands fair
With lovings hearts and willing hands,
To crown her favorite son.

Today we honor him whose life
Has proved a blessing to all men ;
And scanning his past history
We find, at four-score years and ten
No duty left undone.

Faithful and loyal, true to right,
He holds no compromise with wrong ;
But with unbounded faith in God,
With a purpose firm and strong
He champions our cause.

Behold him in our "Capital halls ;"
And while the world with wonder looks,
He pleads—he fails—*at last he wins ;*
And places on our statute books
Maine's grandest law of laws !

Gaze on a picture, dark and drear ;
It is the Maine of years ago ;
Her wretched homes—her ruined farms,
Her bar-rooms dealing death and woe,
Distilleries on her soil.

From hillside, mountain, vale and plain,
Want spreads its gaunt and sallow wings ;
While hard-earned dollars are exchanged,
For that which poisons, mocks and stings
Her hardy sons of toil.

But Oh, how different is the change
Since alcohol has ceased its reign.
Prosperity and happiness
Are known on every hill and plain,
Contentment now holds sway.

Where once the old distillery stood,
And spread its ruin and disgrace,
A church, a school, or home now stands,
And love beams in each honest face,
And hearts are light and gay.



Maine's history the world knows well;
And how she struggled to be free;
How when the final victory came,
The news flashed over land and sea,
"Maine's temperance law has passed."

And *nobly* did our leader stand
Through those dark days of doubts and fears,
Undaunted and alone, he met
The world's rebuffs, its taunts and jeers,
But right triumphed at last.

To General Neal Dow.

Heroic soul, from myriad hearts
Who dwell upon Maine's sacred sod,
Full many an earnest prayer goes forth
In humble gratitude to God,
That thou hast lived so long.

*The truly great can never die ;
Their work is of the world a part ;
It needs no record carved in stone,
For 'tis enshrined in every heart,
Immortalized in song.*

We learn from thy self-sacrifice,
Thy pure devotion to the truth,
That all may live a useful life,
A blessing be to man and youth :
(Be that our highest aim.)

And thus like thee we'll earn the love,
And gratitude of all mankind :
And when we're called from earth away,
*A noble record leave behind,
A never dying name !*

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732—1799.

Washington! O name immortal!
Linked with our great nation's story;
Touching all its wondrous pages,
With a rich and fadeless glory.

A world of nations bow in reverence,
Before thy great illustrious name;
Today not one stone, can be added
To the temple of thy fame.

When the nation chose the ruler,
To grace the Presidential seat;
That day, the final stone was added,
Thy temple of fame was made complete.

When oppression's dark, despotic power
Threatened our country's heart to rend;
In sore distress, she found in thee
Her *liberator—father—friend!*

WASHINGTON AND DOW.

[Respectfully inscribed to General Neal Dow of Portland, Maine.]

A century swift-winged, has flown
 Since Washington's spirit passed away ;
 A foe worse than British hosts,
 Assails the hearts of men today.

This tyrant's firm, relentless hand,
 Robs manhood of pure virtues coat ;
 It robs man of life's brightest hopes,
 And makes his face to blush and bloat.

Its track shows death and desolation,
 The greatest mind it over-throws ;
 The stoutest heart quails neath its power,
 As up and down the world it goes.

Now, the temperance army follows
 A leader, whose heart is brave and true
 As that which beat for Washington
 Neath continental coat of blue.

Though our leader's gray in service,
 Rum finds in him as bitter foe ;
 As Britons' found in Washington,
 A century or more ago.

Dow framed the law of Prohibition,
 He raised her banner to the breeze ;
 The grand old cause is still advancing,
 From "*Pine Tree State*" to "*Southern seas*."

Washington, "*Father of his Country*,"
 Made possible our free condition ;
 The temperance people point with pride
 To Dow, the "*Father of Prohibition*."

God grant the Prohibition ship,
May spread her sails o'er every sea ;
And enter every port and clime,
'Till earth from rum has been made free.

Dow,—with heroes of ages past
Thy name will dorn the scroll of fame ;
And through the mist of coming years,
An army of mothers will bless thy name.

In memory, thy name will live
When life's bells have ceased to chime ;
And linked with our great Washington,
Will *echo down the halls of time!*

IN MEMORIAM.

[Harley E. Hanson, born April 5th, 1889, died June 10th, 1893.]

The dimpled hands are cold and white
 Upon the pulseless breast ;
 With loving care, the childish form
 Is laid away to rest.

Sealed are the lips, the voice is hushed,
 Closed are the bright blue eyes ;
 The one our hearts had learned to love,
 Now dwells beyond the skies.

While innocent, 'ere sin's dark hand
 Has touched and stained his soul,
 God has called the loved one home,
 Where Life's pure waters roll.

Mourn not that unto one so young,
 The call, "Come Home" is given ;
 His death, but makes the path more bright
 That leads from earth to heaven.

Cull earth's fairest, sweetest flowers,
 That the morning dew-drops lave ;
 And place them with a loving hand,
 Upon the new-made grave.

And when the graves give up their dead,
 Each golden tie of love,
 Will be stronger and more beautiful,
 In that bright world above.

Temperance Poems.

"Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
 The port ye yet shall win;
 And all the bells of God shall ring
 The ship of temperance in."

From John G. Whittier's "Temperance Ship."

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP SAILS ON.

The old ship still her course pursues,
 It heeds not wind or storm;
 Through waves of doubt and unbelief,
 Past opposition's rugged reef
 She sails! like some majestic form.

With sails of truth and right unfurled,
 Our gallant ship will never fail;
 But ever on time's crested wave —
 With noble seamen, true and brave, —
 She'll safely ride through every gale.

The shore is lined with brilliant lights,
 Whose rays outshine the brightest stars;
 They're always burning bright and clear,
 And by their light the sailors, steer
 The ship away from rocks and bars.

God's hand is ever at the helm,
 We need not fear; He knows the way;
 Our noble ship He'll safely guide,
 And soon in her majestic pride
 She'll enter victory's peaceful bay.

How many thousands have been wrecked,
 How many lives are filled with gloom;
 The drunkard's way is sad and dark,
 For every day, his wretched bark
 But bears him nearer to his doom.

With "Faith" in God who rules us all,
With "Hope's" bright star to guide and lead;
With "Charity" for all mankind,
In us, the rum-wrecked soul will find
A faithful friend—a friend indeed.

When victory crowns our labors here,
When rum shall cease and be no more;
We'll join with that vast throng above
In one grand song of peace and love—
We'll praise our God forevermore!

THE STAIN UPON OUR FLAG.

While we are blessed with freedom's crown,
Poor souls are still in chains;
They are like the slaves of years ago;
They suffer untold pains.

If everyone, who loved their homes,
Would lend a helping hand;
Intemperance would cease to be;
We'd drive it from our land!

That dear old flag we love so well,
Is cursed by rum to-day;
It bears a stain upon its folds,
That might be washed away.

*No patriotic son can stand,
Unmoved and see the shame,
That brings disgrace upon our flag,
And blights our country's name!*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Boys, beware of the snares of the tempter ;
 Grave dangers beset you on every side ;
 The waves of intemperance may sweep around you,
 And bear you away on its perilous tide.

Thousands of boys in the past have been tempted,
 To leave the safe path for the death-dealing bowl ;
 They've blasted their prospects, their life has been ruined,
 Strong drink has destroyed both body and soul.

Strive to prepare yourselves for the future ;
 Improve every golden hour of youth ;
 Study the lessons of virtue and temperance,
 And stand boldly up for the right and the truth.

Be watchful when choosing your friends and companions ;
 Select only those that are manly and true ;
 Don't shirk any duty *be it ever so little*,
 Be *faithful* and *honest* in *all that you do* !

Remember my boys, the great men of the nation,
 Who occupy honored positions today,
 Began life in youth, by a faithful devotion
 To each little duty that came in their way.

This thought bear in mind—our great men are dying ;
 And in *their places someone must stand* ;
 That *someone* means *you*, for the time is coming
 When the nation's affairs will be placed in *your* hands.

Then prepare yourselves for the future before you ;
 Stand up for the right what'ere may befall ;
 Be faithful, be loyal, be true to your country ;
 Be ready to follow where duty may call.

Stand up for the flag and help to sustain it ;
 Let "*truth*" be your watchword and "*right*" be your cry ;
 This one great thought have ever before you,
Though you are boys to-day, you'll be men by-and-by !

DON'T BE AFRAID TO SAY "YES!"

Dear brother if you're on the wrong road to-night,
 And think you are minus a friend,
 Don't be mistaken, we'll help you to rise,
 Our aid we are willing to lend.
 We ask you to come and once more be a man;
 My brother don't longer delay;
 For life is so short 'twill soon be too late,
 The time is fast passing away.

Don't think we're above you, because you are poor,
 Because you've been low down in sin,
 We long to receive you, come just as you are,
 Don't wait but just now enter in.
 There's many a jewel now lost in the dust;
 There's many a gem that would shine;
 Just say you'll be free from the demon to-night,
 And freedom's bright crown shall be thine.

There's many a mind that is now steeped in drink,
 That the world would be proud to own;
 There's many a thought that would shine like a star,
 But alas they are lost and unknown.
 You are living to-day but tomorrow's not yours,
 You know you are not doing right;
 Just burn all the bridges and let the past go,
 And start on a new way to-night.

The harvest is ripe, there's plenty to do
 For each one in the temperance band;
 Young man will you aid us by signing the pledge?
 And help drive the curse from our land?
 For you can be honest and upright and true;
 However humble your dress;
 We only ask you to do what is right,
Then don't be afraid to say "Yes"!

MOTHER'S FAVORITE HYMN.

THE REFORMED MAN'S STORY.

Boy's, if you'll listen, a story I'll tell
In words that are simple and plain;
How by the demon drink I fell,
And how I rose again.

I remember as though it were yesterday,
The mother of my youth;
Who taught me to regard the good
And always love the truth.
When evening shadows began to dawn
And daylight steal away,
How often we would gather 'round
The kitchen hearth to pray.
My mother's teachings still remain,
Within this heart of mine ;
And like a jewel in the dust
They often-times would shine.

Her loving counsels she would give,
And often when in drink
Her patient face would smite my heart ;
And I would stop and think.
But still the demon lured me on,
I could not from it part,
I kept right on from bad to worse,
And broke my mother's heart.

She soon fell ill, I can't forget,
I stood beside her bed ;
Just one sweet smile, and all was o'er,
I knew her soul had fled.
They gently bore her toward the church,
Whose aisles she'd often trod ;
Where many times in life she had stood
And testified for God.

The choir sang the tender strains
 Like distant music, dim,
 Of "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,"
 My mother's favorite hymn.
 They bore her out with silent tread,
 Ah! bitter day for me;—
 They laid her in her narrow bed
 Beneath the old oak tree.

I left off drinking for a while,
 And tried with all my might
 To let the dread demon alone
 And do just what was right.
 But e're a month, I went to sea,
 And soon forgot the past;
 Each day I sank still lower down,—
 The die was nearly cast.

Our ship soon reached a foreign port,
 (I think it was Bombay,)
 The sun just rising o'er the hills
 Proclaimed the dawn of day.
 I left the ship, and went on shore
 I did not stop to think;
 But told the boys to come with me
 And we would have a drink.

On our way, we saw a church
 That stood just near the street;
 The boys said they'd go in, if I
 Would lead them to a seat.
 We all went in, but hark!—What's that?
 That old familiar strain!
 'Tis "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,"
 My mother's hymn again!

It touched my heart, I could not stir;
 My thoughts began to roam;
 To the grave among "New Hampshire's hills,"
 And my far-off childhood home.
 "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,"
 Oh, God, I must give in;—

“ Let me hide myself in thee, ”
And save my heart from sin.

And thus before my comrades there
I prayed as ne'er before ;
And sin went out and peace came in
As through an open door.
Weeks to months and years have passed ;
But I'm no more rum's slave ;
And now, I'll work and snatch poor souls
From out the drunkard's grave.

Thus, you see just how it is ;
Now boys, don't drink again ;
But trust in Christ,—He'll give you strength,
He'll surely break the chain.

BEN MURCH ON THE KEELEY CURE.

Yes, friends, I'm enjoying life every day,
 Since God in his mercy snatched me away
 From alcohol's terrible brink.
 I'm thinking folks will be left in the lurch
 Who suppose for a minute that old Ben Murch
 Will ever go back to drink.

There's but little romance in my past life;
 'Tis a tale of hardship, of struggle and strife.
 My life's a record of up's and down's
 Few smiles—but I've had my share of frowns.

In a New England village near a rugged hill,
 Stood my boyhood home—and in fancy still
 I see my mother—the guide of my youth—
 Whose life was a model of beauty and truth.
 My mother—God bless her memory to-night—
 'Tis years since she passed to those mansions of light,
 But I've not time to tell of those memories so dear,
 I must go on with my story and not linger here;
 I remember 'twas a beautiful day in June,
 There was no school that afternoon,
 And I and a schoolmate of mine named Will
 Had planned to go up to the old stone mill.
 The mill by degrees had been crumbling away,
 And all around it showed signs of decay:
 Since the old miller died the rust of years
 Had gathered on shafting and pulley and gears;
 And oft, when the nights were cold and damp,
 Its moss-covered roof sheltered many a tramp.
 At the mill we climbed the old rickety stair,
 Which groaned 'neath our weight like a ghost on the air.
 Upstairs, 'twas dark, and so gloomy and still
 That a hundred goblins seemed to haunt the old mill.
 In crossing the floor (we had almost to creep)
 My foot touched something—'twas a tramp, fast asleep!

Near his side a bottle of whiskey I found :
After picking it up we both turned 'round
And scampered down the rickety stair,
And once more out in the clear, free air
We skipped the board fence and over the hill
Sped far away from the old stone mill.
We had gone a full mile, when both thought best
That we sit down and talk over matters and rest.
After awhile, Will, not stopping to think,
Just for fun proposed that we take a drink.
Ah ! 'twas a moment of struggle and strife ;
I said " yes," but that " yes " has ruined my life.
From that day my decline was rapid and sure ;
I left all behind that was noble and pure,
And rushed madly on, never stopping to think ;
My mind seemed given up wholly to drink.
Ah ! that first glass formed an appetite
That has made my life's record as black as night.
Mother often begged me, again and again
To stop drinking, but all of her pleadings were vain.
I soon with my parents was called to part ;
For both of them died of a broken heart.
The place was mortgaged, I had no home,
And friendless and penniless was forced to roam
Up and down the world — now here — now there —
My clothes soiled and ragged, but what did I care ;
For all of my former pride was gone,
And everyone gazed at me with scorn ;
Not one word of kindness to greet my ear ;
My life seemed comfortless, barren and drear ;
'Twas always a sneer as folks passed me by
They said, " It were better that he should die ;
He's only a miserable drunkard at best."
But a warm heart oft beats in a drunkard's breast,—
'Twas a few months ago I'd been drinking hard,
I was dirty and ragged, my face was scarred ;
I had grown almost tired of trying to live,
And I thought, " Oh, what would I give
If I could begin life over again,
And redeem the past?" and tears fell like rain.
Just then a stranger saw the tears on my cheek,

And he stepped before me and began to speak.
 I remember his face all smiles and light—
 God bless him wherever he may be to-night.
 Said he, "You're in trouble—you're in need of a friend,
 And with your permission, I'd like to lend
 My aid and help you once more be a man;
 I see you're surprised, but if you will, you can
 Be once more honest and upright and true,
 For I've helped many a poor fellow like you."
 Then he sat down beside me (for all I was poor)
 He told me of Keeley and his wonderful cure.
 Then he said, "I know your life is a wreck,
 But if you'll take the cure, I'll draw my check."
 I thought I had reached the end of my rope,
 But his words touched my heart and filled me with hope.
 They were the first kind words I had received in years,
 And I only could thank him with grateful tears.
 And to this very day I hardly know
 How I told him, but I said I would go.
 And the cure did just as the stranger said;
 From the soles of my feet to the crown of my head
 I was made a new man—from the drunkard's grave
 I was rescued. The bonds that held me a slave
 Were broken asunder, and I began life anew,
 Resolved to live upright, honest and true.

God bless Dr. Keeley, for the work he has done,
 But I believe the good work has only begun;
 Let us live upright and redeem the past,
 And to honor and virtue be true to the last.

The statues we rear to our heroes who die,
 'Neath twinkling stars and a sunlighted sky,
 In the years that's to come, with its storm and rust
 Must sooner or later crumble to dust.
 Then let us not rear a statue of stone,
 That will stand today and tomorrow is gone,
*But we'll honor Leslie Keeley's great name
 By human monuments to his undying fame.*

DRIVING THE FATAL NAILS.

You are driving a nail in your casket, young man,
 When you are taking a drink ;
 Before your lips touch the fatal glass,
 Stop a few moments and think.
 You are wasting your life, you are losing your friends,
 Then why do you not give it up ?
 Young man, break away from the dram-shop today,
 And shun the dangerous cup.

You are not only nailing your own casket, boys,
 As you heedlessly go on your way ;
 You're driving your dear mother nearer the grave,
 You are causing her sorrow each day.
 Your gray-haired father is fast bowing down,
 He feels the remorse and the shame ;
 Where once he was proud of his innocent child,
 He now blushes when speaking your name.

Your comrades may laugh, they may scoff, they may jeer,
 But t'will give your mother's heart joy ;
 When she sees that liquor no longer can claim,
 The soul of her own precious boy.
 Then leave those vile dens and your manhood assert,
 Shun the evil that lies in your way ;
 Just stop driving nails in your casket, young man,
You'll find in the end it will pay !

THE TEMPERANCE FOLKS RESOLVE.

Intemperance must go, friends—here is the reason why,
The good people are rising up with this, their battle cry :
“ King Alcohol has held his sway around us long enough,
And now we’ll rid this land of ours of the accursed stuff.”

We’ll labor earnestly each day to aid the temperance cause,
Our ballots we will cast for men, who’ll give us temperance laws :
We’ll dash the cup beneath our feet, so all the world may know,
That we in truth mean what we say—*Intemperance must go!*

Intemperance must go, friends, saloon-men are in fear,
They live in almost constant dread of someone watching near :
They grow more watchful, as they ply their trade from day to day,
With careful eye, they deal out goods in stealthy, guarded way.

Then friends, work on with cheerful hearts, we soon must win the fight,
For God is leading us along, our cause is just and right :
With mottoes and with banners, we’ll hail the joyful day,
When the dread monarch, Alcohol, has ceased to hold its sway.

Remember, friends, in sixty-one, the soldiers, brave and true,
Fought years, before they gained the day beneath the red and blue :
Then with new courage, let us all work on till we are free,
And thus beneath our glorious flag we’ll win the victory.

With loud hosannas on our lips we’ll triumph over wrong,
The chariot of temperance we’ll help to roll along ;
The victory will soon be ours the sight we *yet shall see*,
Beneath the “ Stars and Stripes ” we’ll live *from dram-shops ever free!*

Miscellaneous Poems.

OLD AMBROSE.

[A tale of an old Stockade.]

'Twas twilight's sweet and dreamy hour,
The birds to their nests were winging their flight ;
Day with its care was silently sinking
Into the shadowy arms of night.
Numberless stars in the heavens were shining,
The moonlight was entering each valley and glade,
As a gray-haired man, with tottering footsteps
Arrived at the Old Backwoods Stockade.

" You want more guards ? " he asked the Sergeant,
The soldier replied, " You are most too old ;
We want a man whose hand is steady,
A man of nerve and of iron mould.
A soldier must act, when orders are given,
Without any favors what e'er may befall ;
Here, no mercy is shown any prisoner
Attempting to climb the Stockade wall."

" I know I am old, but then," he faltered,
" I am sure I can shoot as straight and well
As any man that e'er held a rifle,
And I warrant you each ball will tell.
You may think I'm too old, but I'm not," he urged,
Please try me, sir, if for only an hour ;
And I'll bring to the ground whoever attempts
While I'm on guard, to escape from your power."

" I haven't much heart to do anything, sir,
I've been drifting around, now here, now there ;
My wife is dead, my family is gone,
My sons are scattered—I know not where.
Just give me the post and I'll do my duty,
Upon this place my old heart is set ;
A man only has his duty before him,
And my duty never has scared me yet."

'Neath the lighted lamp, the old man standing
His gray beard catching the moving light,
He seemed a venerable patriarch,
With his calm, set face and hair so white ;
'What is your name ? ' the Sergeant queried,
The old man thought for a moment or two
Then answered, ' For years I've been called Old Ambrose :
Just call me Ambrose—Old Ambrose will do.'

Still undecided, the Sergeant said,
' I don't know whether to take you or not ;
For several prisoners have lately escaped,
And I wish to hold the entire lot,
But I'll try you, Ambrose, and see how I like you ;
Remember, I've stated your duty plain ;
Now, sir, this soldier will give you a tent
And when the guards change, I'll see you again.'

* * * * *

The shadows of night grew deep and deeper,
Old Ambrose waiting, with impatient tread
Was pacing the ground, when a Corporal called him,
And to Headquarters he straightway was led.
He entered the tent, with cap in hand,
And saluting, said, ' Sergeant, I await your command.'

' You take your post at yonder corner !
Be watchful, sir, 'tis an important place ! '
' All right, sir, I'll obey your orders ; '
And the lines were rigid on Ambrose's face.

* * * * *

An hour had passed, when piercing the clouds
The moon almost changed the night into day ;
Look ! Look ! A prisoner bursts through the embankment
And runs for the woods a few rods away !

' Halt ! ' cries Ambrose, ' Halt or I fire ! '
Thrice he cries ' halt ' ;—the fugitive speeds on ;
Then, quick as lightning a rifle is leveled,
And a ball upon its mission has gone.
'Twas true what old Ambrose had told the Sergeant,

When he said, 'each shot from his rifle would tell,'
He had proved it, for there in the shadows
The man lay dead on the spot where he fell.

"I didn't mean to kill the fellow,"
He said to the Sergeant, "But he would try
To get away. He stepped in a hollow,
So my bullet hit him a little high.
He should have stopped when I cried 'halt,' but wouldn't;
If he's dead, why 'tis no one's fault but his.
Sergeant, may I go over a minute?
I'd like to know who the poor fellow is."

By the Sergeant's permission, Ambrose went over;
On his side the man lay cold and still;
The night winds were sighing a requiem,
Which spread over forest, valley and hill.

Ambrose looked on the still, white face before him,
Then in agony cried, "O what have I done!
My God have pity! How can I survive it,
For my bullet has killed my eldest son!"
With a cry of despair, the poor man reeled forward;
And raising his hand to his old gray head,
Fell prostrate, beside the young man's body,
The shock had killed him!—*Old Ambrose was dead!*



THE AUTHOR'S STUDY

A SEPTEMBER RAMBLE.

[Dedicated to my friend and former schoolmate Philip C. Tapley, Saco, Me.]

It was a fine September day,
All cloudless was the sky ;
When through the woods and fields we roamed,
My old friend Phil and I.

Along the dusty country road,
Passed green and fertile farms ;
Through pleasant vales, o'er rugged hills,
Each graced with nature's charms.



We wandered on, until we reached
A calm secluded nook ;
Deep in the silvan forest's shade,
Close by a running brook.

And seated on the bank, we talked
Of happy days gone by ;
When we, as boys beside that stream,
Sat 'neath the summer sky.

We mentioned names of old schoolmates,
— Boys ne'er by us forgot —
With whom we played, in years ago,
Around that very spot.

There was Ivory, Rosecoe and Leroy,
Chase ready for a prank —
With Ed and Jim and Chester, too,
And genial hearted Frank.

We wondered if they thought of us,
And did their memory still;
Revert to our old playing ground,
Beneath McNeally's hill?

And thus we talked, and thought, and lived —
The old scenes o'er again;
Once more, as boys, we roamed among
Those pine-clad hills of Maine.

We followed down the narrow path,
Beside the winding stream;
Reluctantly we left the spot
And ceased each boyish dream.

Through tangled maze of under-brush,
'Mid groves of stately pine;
With here and there, an open space
Through which the sun would shine.

Now over stumps decayed by time,
Through marshes damp and cold;
Passed many a ragged ledge of rocks,
Both picturesque and bold.

'Twas thus on that September day,
Through woods and valleys green;
We walked together, Phil and I,
Charmed with each varied scene.

We climbed a sloping hill and, Lo!
A sight that thrilled us through;
A scene, both glorious and grand,
Burst full upon our view!

Away toward the distant east,
We saw with wandering eye;
Two cities, with their towering spires,
Outlined against the sky!

There stood the cities, side by side,
The river flowed between ;
While stretching far below us, lay
Broad fields and meadows green.

That scene will live in memories' shrine,
With all its wonderous grace ;
It left impressions on our hearts,
Time never can efface.

I hope that you and I, friend Phil,
When life's journey is o'er ;
May gaze into that "Spirit Land,"
Beyond this earthly shore,

And looking, view a grander scene,
Though not with mortal eyes —
A City that is built, upon
The "Hills of Paradise" !

FAREWELL WINTER.

Winter, the bold white King of the year
 Has departed at Spring's command ;
 And earth once more is free from the grasp,
 Of his cold and icy hand.

He has wrapp'd his snow white mantle about
 His lank and shivering form ;
 And gone far away to a colder clime,
 There to rule over wind and storm.

The snow that fell from his chilling hand,
 Gives place to the dripping rain ;
 Jack Frost has long ago, drawn his last
 Phantom form on the window pane.

The hunter no more through the forests roam,
 In search of the frightened hare ;
 Its foot-prints now, he cannot discern,
 For the fields and woods are bare.

The river has burst its hermit seal,
 And the ice has sea-ward run ;
 A million jewels now dance and play
 On its breast, 'neath the glowing sun.

Old Winter, we bid you a long farewell :
 And to Spring with its sweet, warm, rain,
 To the beautiful flowers and twittering birds,
 We extend our heart's greeting again.

THE FALLEN OAK.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Lizzie E. Gowdy, Saco, Maine, in grateful remembrance of the many acts of kindness she has shown the author during his early school days.

NOTE.—The old oak tree in Pepperell Park, Saco Maine, was blown down during a severe gale, July 22nd, 1893. This was one of the oldest trees in Maine. Its circumference was sixteen feet. It broke about eight feet from the ground where it was somewhat decayed. The father of Maine's first Governor gathered acorns under this tree when he was a boy and it was known as "THE OLD OAK" then.

* * * * *

There stood upon a grassy knoll,
A brave old oaken tree;
Whose top o'er-looked the river,*
As it hurried to the sea.
By heavy storms and windy gales,
Its branches oft were strained;
But like a hero on the field
Undaunted it remained.

A relic of "Old Pilgrim Days,"
When times were sad and dark;
The record of a nation
Is inscribed upon its bark.
And when beneath its swaying boughs,
The dead† were laid to rest;
The cold, unfeeling sod was placed
Above the lifeless breast,

Its friendly arms were spread,
As if in silent love and trust;
It stood a willing sentinel,
Above the sleeping dust.
Within the cycle of the years,

As Autumn-time came 'round ;
It scattered with a lavish hand,
Its fruit upon the ground.

And from the ‡school-house, standing near,
On every pleasant day ;
Went merry groups of children
'Neath its branches to their play.
As the hours passed, they plucked
The acorns at its feet ;
And by the Winter fire-side
They found each kernel sweet.



Through my mind today, sweet streams
Of tender memories flow ;
As back again, I wander
To the days of " Long Ago."'
At school with other scholars,
Once again I take my seat ;
And to the teacher,§—patient heart,—
My A,—B,—C's, repeat.

I gather at recess, again
Sweet acorns all the while,
A gift for her, she pays me
With a kind word and a smile.
I'm sure the many she has led
In paths of learning sweet ;
All pray that violets abloom,
May lie beneath her feet.

Those happy school-days now are o'er ;
They all seem like a dream ;
As with my bending oars, I pull
Life's boat against the stream.
And now the old oak too is gone ;
By wind to earth t'was hurled ;
But in its rude and silent way,
It lived to bless the world.

May we, too, like the oaken tree,
Do all the good we can ;
Let's be unselfish, true and kind,
And help our brother man.
When strangers pass the gateway,
To the "City of the Dead,"
Upon our marble head-stone,
May this epitaph be read :

EPITAPH.

*Here lie true and noble ones, beneath these grassy stems,
Whose lives were full of goodness and whose hearts were human gems.*

— The Saco River.

+ Beneath this oak tree some of Saco's early settlers were buried.

* Where the Author first went to school.

§ Miss Lizzie E. Gowdy—the Author's first school-teacher.

WARNED OUT.

I saw the landlord, Lizzie, an' he told me we must go;
 When I asked if he'd wait longer he only answered, "No!"
 I promised him when able I'd then square up the rent,
 I'd pay him every dollar an' he wouldn't lose a cent.

I told him you were feeble—how you had to lie abed,
 But I guess 'twould make no difference to him if you were dead;
 Don't be discouraged, Lizzie, for God's unfailin' grace
 Has led us safe through hardships an' *He'll* help us find a place.

This old house 'aint a palace but it's better'n none at all.
 Although the ceilin's smokey an' the paper's off the wall;
 An' we've found it nice in Summer, but when Winter winds would roar
 The cold has come a' stealin' right through the kitchen floor.

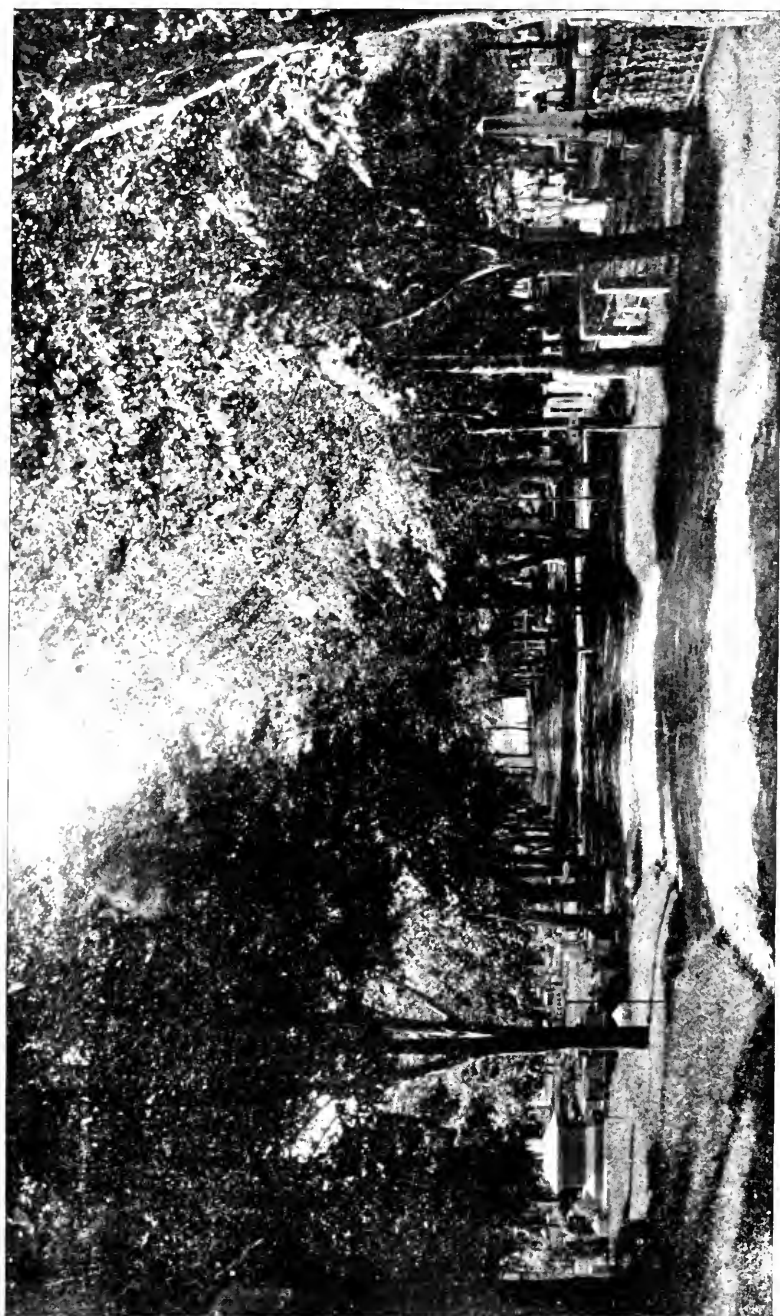
But then we've been contented as two peas in a pod;
 An' each day through the moss-grown roof our prayers have gone to God;
 An' so we've both been happy, our love has stronger grown,
 No harsh word has been spoken in the long years that have flown.

It was in this very room here, you know that Autumn day,
 How we consoled each other, when God took our child away;
 An' as I gaze up yonder, it seems from out the blue
 I can see our darlin' baby, a' beekin' me an' you.

Our hair is growin' whiter as we near that other shore,
 But somehow it is sweeter there since baby's gone before;
 We'd best be thankful, Lizzie, for this sweet tie of love,
 As keeps tuggin' at our heartstrings an' drawin' us above.

So we're warned out o' the old house:—I expected it would come—
 But 'tis hard when we're so old, to be driven from our home;
 But I'll find a shelter somewhere, where we can happy be,
 An' finish our life's journey, together, you an' me.

You know the Bible, Lizzie, tells of "*Mansions in the Sky*"
 An' if below we're faithful, we'll go there by an' by,
 An' we'll meet our baby dear again, beyond the shinin' strands,
 An' *there* we'll dwell together, in "*A House Not Made With Hands*."



VIEW OF THE LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

ELEGY WRITTEN ON LAUREL HILL.

[Dedicated to the Memory of Mother.]

Birds unto their mates were calling,
 The bright Autumn leaves were falling,
 As I sat by mother's grave amid the trees on Laurel Hill;
 T'was the Sabbath evening hour,
 When a holy unseen power
 Seemed to hover over all the earth and move my heart at will.

From my lips deep sighs were stealing,
 O'er me crept a saddened feeling,
 And the thoughts that came upon me, caused my lonely heart to yearn;
 Memories of bright days came thronging,—
 For the past my soul was longing—
 But alas! I wished for hours that would never more return!

Mingling with the night-birds singing,
 Came the sound of church-bells, ringing,
 From the far-off crowded city, calling to the house of prayer;
 But their sweet and tuneful numbers,
 Ne'er could waken from her slumbers,
 She, whose lifeless form was lying in the grave before me there.

She was true to every duty,
 Lived a life of Christian beauty;
 All her kindly ministrations to the world will ne'er be known;
 As the stars shone brightly o'er me,
 And the past came up before me,
 My great loss I truly realized, as I sat there all alone.

I shall never know another,
 Like my dear and saintly mother;
 She was faithful to her family, to her neighbors, to her God!
 Her long life was freely given,
 For our welfare she had striven,
 She has earned the Christian's heritage—she has gone to her reward.

Stretching far across the meadows,
Deeper grew the evening shadows,
In the western sky, above the "Heights," the moon was in the bow;
All along the quiet river,
Its soft beams would faintly quiver,
Up above the stars were shining—night hung over all below.

Noiselessly, above the sleeping,
Like some ghostly phantom creeping,
Fell the slanting, dusky shadows, from the headstones o'er each
mound :

While beneath night's curtain sombre,
The great world seemed wrapped in slumber,
Over all the Autumn landscape reigned a solitude profound.

Mother, as your grave I'm leaving
My sad heart for you is grieving;
Though you've passed away, your memory is precious to me still;
When upon my deathbed lying,
When friends whisper, "He is dying,"
May I sleep in peace beside you, 'neath the trees on Laurel Hill.



MRS. OLIVE TOWARD.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

[Written for, and read by the children of Mrs. Olive Toward of Dexter, Maine, in honor of her eightieth birthday, April 21st, 1894, and respectfully dedicated to her by the author.]

Again we clasp our mother's hand,
 Her form once more we greet :
 As with joyful hearts, we lay
 Love's tribute at her feet.
 Her face so full of tenderness,
 Though marked by lines of care ;
 Has grown more beautiful with age,
 And love still watches there.

We see again the cheerful smile ;
 Her eyes bespeak love's power ;
 Her voice is just as sweet today,
 As 'twas in childhood's hour.
 The wrinkles on her placid brow,
 The hair of silver gray ;
 Are traces of the mile-stones passed,
 Along life's rugged way.

In memory, we go back again
 To happy hours of youth ;
 When by her chair, we first were taught
 The laws of sacred truth.
 This world is rich in gems of thought,
 From many a master's pen ;
 But mother's love does more than these,
 To make us better men.

We treasure all her kindly acts ;
 We feel their influence yet
 The golden lessons she taught us,
 We never can forget.
 They serve to cheer us on life's way :
 They make our paths more bright ;
 And in temptation's darkest hour,
 Lead us to the right.

We gather 'round the family hearth,
In our accustomed place;
But ah! the circle is incomplete;
We miss the father's face,
The one who shared her earthly joys,
Her hopes, her cares and fears,
Has long since crossed the golden strand,
Beyond earth's vale of tears.

'Tis but a few more weary years,
Of mingled joy and pain;
A few more shadows, dim and gray,
We'll meet our loved again.
Beyond the blue there is no night;
The heart is free from care;
The pilgrim enters into rest,
'Tis joy forever there.

Then trust on, faithful soul, trust on!
You've sowed the golden grain;
'Twill live for aye in other hearts—
You have not lived in vain.
We give a sympathetic tear,
A kindly word let fall;
We cannot estimate the good
We've done, *but God knows all.*

His wisdom is above the earth;
He marks the sparrow's fall;
He knows our every want and need;
He hears our every call.
And when life's journey here is o'er,
He'll take us to His breast,
We'll hear these welcome words, "*Well Done,*
Enjoy the Christians rest!"

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

The foam-crested ocean, the steep rugged mountains,
The forest, the streamlet, the clear crystal spring ;
The fragrant wild-flower that blooms in the meadow,
The music we hear, as the happy birds sing,
The sun and the moon, the bright stars of evening,
The sky overhead, with its limitless space ;
All these are the mirrors, in which are reflected,
Fair Nature, arrayed in her beauty and grace.

Could the human heart study the lessons of Nature,
T'would inspire the mind with thoughts pure and right ;
We may learn of God's grace in the flowers and sunshine ;
His wisdom behold in the stars of the night.
The rainbow that spans the blue arch of the heavens,
Reminds us again of His Infinite love ;
The beauties of earth are to man, but the emblem
Of those that await him in heaven above.

NEVER WISH YOUR TIME AWAY.

Over a cradle at close of day,
 A fond young mother stood ;
 Watching her infant as it safely lay,
 (As only a mother could.)
 " I wonder," she mused, as she stood there alone,
 And a smile crept over her face ;
 " If baby's life will be pleasant as mine ;"
 And she tried its future to trace.

Twelve years have passed and we see them again,
 Though the mother is growing old ;
 But the baby we saw is quite a young miss ;
 Her long hair like threads of gold.
 " I wish I was older," the little girl said,
 " So I could dress every day in my best ;
 And be a young lady, go shopping alone,
 Like the Fareweather girls and the rest !"

O'er her mother's face came a look as of pain :
 The silent tears stole down her cheek ;
 Her sweet voice almost choked with sobs,
 As she spoke so gentle and meek.
 " My daughter, when you are as old as I,
 You'll sadly look back to the day ;
 And think to yourself, " How foolish I've been
 To wish my time away."

Twenty more years have passed away,
 And we see by the bright cottage door
 The mother and daughter, but who are the rest?
 For beside them are standing two more !
 One is a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man,
 A bright little lad by his side ;
 Ah! now I can see, it is all plain to me,
 The maiden has long been a bride.

Never Wish Your Time Away.

Mother, daughter, husband and son,
Presented a beautiful group;
But grandmother's face looked sweeter by far,
Though her shoulders were beginning to stoop
Her once golden hair is now turned to gray;
The sands of life nearly are run;
Each wrinkle bold time has made on her brow,
But tells us her life is most done.

A few more years, there is one vacant chair,
The patient old face is no more;
For grandma has long since been called from earth's scenes
To a home on the heavenly shore.
We enter the home once more and we see,
A tall handsome youth by the chair
Of an old gray-haired lady of three score-and-three;
Who once was so young and so fair.

Who'd believe she *once was the baby we saw!*
The young mother standing by—
It is a sad truth! Ah! life is so short!
Let's remember we've all got to die!
There are just sixty seconds in one golden minute;
Sixty minutes in one golden hour;
The years are fast fleeting, let's throw away the thorns,
And gather each beautiful flower.

Let us fill all the seconds and minutes of ours,
In aiding the poor and oppressed;
Let us never stand idle but do all we can,
For as workers we all will be blest.
Then when we are tempted, as sometimes we are,
And long for the close of the day;
Let us think how *short* the *longest* life is,
And *never wish time passed away!*

MY OLD MOUNTAIN HOME.

I've been through the palace, I've seen crystal fountains,
I've heard the low music of pleasures sweet strain;
But it cannot compare with my home in the mountains,
O give me the scenes of my childhood again.

How often I've sat near the old-fashioned portal,
And watched the bright sun sink away 'neath the hill;
And often I think of my dear aged mother,
Whose smiles all these years have been haunting me still.

In my dreams I go back to the old fashioned homestead,
And roam once again o'er the meadows so green;
Or gather the berries that grow in the woodland,
Or sit by the banks of the clear running stream.

How pleasant it was, when the day's work was over,
The evening shadows were fast coming on,
To sit 'round the organ in one family circle,
And all of our voices were blended in song.

Those old happy moments have passed by forever;
And all of the dear ones have gone on before;
But still in my dreams they are hovering near me,
And beckoning me to that beautiful shore.

I love the old homestead, with all of its memories,
And never a pleasanter place shall I see;
Until I join hands with the dear ones in heaven,
'Then that will be sweeter than all else to me.'

AN AUTUMN RAIN.

Dismally the east winds shriek,
 The earth is dreary cold and bleak ;
 The clouds are dull and gray.
 While all deserted seems the town,
 And cheerless is the day.

Against the trees the strong winds beat,
 And partly burying lane and street :
 The leaves fall to the ground.
 In dizzy, zigzag, circling way,
 As snow-flakes whirl around.

Upon the roof and window pane,
 Ever unwearied, drives the rain,
 Through the whole day long :
 Drip, drip, drip and pitter, patter,
 Its never-changing song.

Some lives are full of rainy days,
 Dark clouds obscure the sun's bright rays :
 Our hopes, like dead leaves, fall.
 Yet, come what will, keep trusting on,
 For God is over all !

PUSH WILL WIN.

Is your daily task a burden,
As you struggle on in life?
Do you have less joy and sunshine?
More of sorrow and of strife?

Do you have more rugged climbing
Than of going *down* the hill?
As the days are swiftly passing,
Does "Life's" way seem rougher still?

If so, this should be your motto,
Cheering you in your distress :
*" Upward and forever onward ,
Earnest labor brings success ! "*

Have in life some great ambition,
Banish every thought of dread ;
With determined will and purpose,
Looking upward — *march ahead !*

Be not easily discouraged,
You can never aim too high !
*Far above the throng about you ,
Place your star of destiny .*

Some may sneer at your endeavors,
—Heed them not !—Press onward still !
Bear in mind the old-time maxim,
" Fools must talk and talk they will ! "

Life must surely prove successful,
If with "*Push*" and "*Energy*" !
We but strive for high attainments,
Persevere from day to day .

Push Will Win.

Fill the hours with noble actions,
As they glide by one by one ;
That you may look back with pleasure
On the day just past and gone.

If you're timid, then remember
True success is not a crime !
It is your's if you will have it,
" Push " will win it every time.

LINES TO A FADED FLOWER.

You were once a lovely flower,
 Growing 'neath the summer sky ;
 Now your glory has departed,
 Nevermore to greet the eye.

Clothed in rich and varied beauty,
 You were fair as brightest gem ;
 Filling all the air with fragrance,
 E'er I plucked you from your stem.

You are now a faded flower,
 Dried and crumpled is each leaf ;
 But you teach mankind a lesson,
 By your life, so pure, though brief.

We may learn of you, sweet flower,
 Lessons simple, true and plain ;
 Learn to live, like you, for others,—
 Such a life is not in vain.

Time is short, O gracious flower,
 Days are passing swiftly by ;
 Our life's stem will soon be broken,
 We, like you, must fade and die.

May we, like you, fragrant flower,
 Spread sweet happiness around ;
 Then, our rest will be the sweeter,
 When death's night brings peace profound.

A MAN'S ANSWER.

[In reply to Adelaide A. Proctor's poem "A Woman's Question."]

Aye, thou can'st "trust thy fate to me,"
 And "place thy hand in mine;"
 Fear not, but "let my future, give
 Color and form to thine."
 I answer that thou askest me,
 By offering my heart to thee.

We cannot know true happiness,
 Life's pure joys depart—
 Unless it is love's golden link,
 That binds us, heart to heart.
 And so, dear one, *my* "faith is free,"
 As that which "thou do'st pledge to me."

This world, its richest joys may give,
 Bright smiles of friendship gleam;
 Though visions clear and beautiful,
 Come with each nightly dream.
 Could I not "feel thy quickening breath;"
 My life would seem "a living death."

Nay! I have "kept no portion back,"
 My all to thee I give;
 My every thought on thee is fixed,
 For thee alone I live.
 A true heart is the gift of God,
 T'is given thee as thy reward.

My every want and need in life,
 I know thou can'st fulfill;
 "No chord lies hidden in my heart,"
 But "thou can'st wake, or still."
 Without thy smile to cheer each day,
 My life would "wither and decay."

I speak from out my inmost heart,
Then do not think it strange :
That I should offer you a love,
Which cannot die or change.
For thou, the noblest soul that lives,
Art worthy *all true manhood gives !*

It cannot be "today's mistake"
Nor yet is "fate to blame"
For did not God ordain all things ?
He knows our every name.
And in His wisdom, God above,
First taught mankind the way to love.

Then as God wills, so may we live,
Nor from His ways depart :
But ever let the cords of love,
Unite us, heart to heart.
Remembering, God our love has given,
And that our vows are blest of Heaven.

THE BRIDGE ABOVE THE FALLS.

'Tis a dreamy summer morning,
Near the bridge that spans the river ;
I stand watching throngs of people, passing and re-passing there.
And how varied the expression
On the many different faces,
Some are smiling, bright and happy, others marked by lines of care.
See yon gray-haired man approaching ;
With the weight of years upon him ;
Head in meditation bowed, perhaps sad thoughts his mind recalls ;
Of the Past he may be thinking,
Thinking of the long-lost loved ones ;
As he crosses o'er the river, on the bridge above the Falls.

Listen to the hearty laughter,
Sounding like the rippling waters
As they dance along in gladness, over pebble-bottomed streams ;
'Tis the laugh of merry maidens—
One holds in her hand a letter—
In her winsome, sparkling blue eyes, see the tenderest love-light
gleams.

'Tis a message she is reading
From her far-off absent lover,
With every line, his manly face, her glad young heart recalls ;
She hears in the gentle zephyrs,
Whispers of a happy future ;
As she crosses o'er the river, on the bridge above the Falls.

Here's a groupe of joyous children,
Scan with me each boyish feature ;
Who can tell their future station, when they've grown to man's estate ?
Careless now perhaps and noisy,
Filling all the days with pleasure ;
Yet among their number may be *future Statesmen good and great !*
To the Legislative Chambers,
Men of humble birth have risen ;

Guarding well their country's honor where oppression's power
enthalls;

So the loud tumultuous laughter
Sounds to me like gladsome music;

As with light hearts they go tripping o'er the bridge above the Falls.

Now a tiny carriage passes,
In it lies a precious burden;

It contains a darling baby, sweetly beautiful and fair;

Nestling on its downy cushion,

Peacefully, the infant resting;

Pure as an Easter Lilly, *Innocence lies sleeping there!*

Entering this world of sorrow

Like a ray of golden sunlight;

Skin of softest, pinky whiteness, cheeks as lovely as a doll's;

And that old scene came before me

Of Christ blessing little children;

As I saw the sleeping infant, on the bridge above the Falls.

See this aged, wrinkled woman,
Crowned with hair of silvery whiteness;

Her sad face is thin and care-worn—her dark dress of mourning weeds;

Seems to tell the tender story

Of the dear ones gone before her;

Gathered safe within the Home-land, free from earthly care and needs.

Bowed with years of toil and sorrow,

She is someone's precious mother;

She reminds me of the one I lost whom memory oft recalls;

Slowly—feebly—passing onward,

Let us pay her manly tribute;

As she crosses o'er the river, on the bridge above the Falls.

Young and old—the rich—the lowly

Light and gay—the heavy-hearted—

Thus it is from early morning, to the setting of the sun;

Laborers and men of leisure

In a constant stream are passing;

On the heavy-timbered flooring, falls the footsteps one by one.

But there's one whose well-loved features,

I miss in the throng of people;

One whose precious soul but lately burst its earthly prison walls ;
 Dear old father who so often,
 When in life and health and vigor ;
Used to cross this very river, on the bridge above the Falls.

 Ah ! how many of the number
 Who went o'er the old bridge daily ;
To that sleep which knows no wakening, have been gathered one by one !
 On the street—in church and household,
 We miss dear, familiar faces ;
Friends whose cordial, kindly greeting, the hearts true devotion won.
 Newer generations follow,
 Closely in another's footsteps ;
Time flies onward—*Oh so swiftly*—Oft the thought one's heart appalls !
 We must all sooner or later,
 Lay life's work aside forever ;
Sometime we'll make our last journey o'er the bridge above the Falls.



JIM'S ORDER.

This morning, sir, my mother died,
She passed away at one ;
Her heart has now ceased beating,
Her long sweet life is done.
And here, sir, is my order,
For a casket, your very best ;
I want it made of redwood,
And then in broadcloth dressed.
And have it nicely finished,
With a silver plate embossed ;
Your *best* is not a bit too good,
For the precious one I've lost.
Get handles of pure silver,
And place them on either side ;
For I love her more than ever,
She's dearer since she died.
Be sure and line the sides, sir,
With lace as white as snow ;
What I'm doing for her, today,
She would do for me, I know.
And then I want the pillow,
On which her head is laid ;
So t'will compare with all the rest,
Of soft material made.
And when you lay her in it,
Make her look the best you can ;
So folks will say " *How beautiful!* "
As her dear old face they scan.
However well the casket is,
Though jewels gleam within ;
It never can compare, with what
Her loveliness has been.
Oh sir, my heart seems breaking,
When I think of her last night ;
How I held her in these arms of mine,
To make her breathing light.

Her weary head fell over,
And rested on my breast ;
Here her farewell words were spoken.
E're she closed her eyes to rest.

* * * * *

And now her life is finished,
Her spirit is with God ;
And soon her precious body,
You will place beneath the sod.
Don't *mind* about the cost, sir,
For my mother, old and true,
Shall have the finest burial,
Tis all that I can do !

MOTHER.

Born April 25th 1832—Died August 20th 1896.

True, unselfish, faithful, loving,
Feeling always for another ;
Sympathetic and forgiving,
This is what I found in—*Mother*.

EXCEPT IN AUGUST.

In every walk of life we meet,
With people who to us seem strange ;
They claim to love religious things,—
Their principals seem not to change,
Except—in August!

They know Christianity is good,
They think church-work is truly grand :
Beneath the banner of the cross.
You'll see them take a valliant stand,
Except—*in August!*

They lend their aid to everything
That is of benefit to man ;
They read their bible, talk and pray,
They do just all the good they can,
Except—in August!

The poor weak drunkard, too, they love.
They think of his wife's scalding tear;
To save him from his deep disgrace,
They gladly work throughout the year.
Except—*in August!*

They love to visit the distressed,
Attend the sick with watchful care ;
Each duty, quickly they discern,
And of kind actions do their share,
Except—in *August!*

The church is filled each sabbath morn.
With noble Christians, tried and true :
And glancing o'er the crowded room,
One cannot see an empty pew,
Except—in August!

Except in August.

The Evil-spirit is at work,
His plans and schemes are very queer ;
And to accomplish his defeat,
The church must labor all the year.

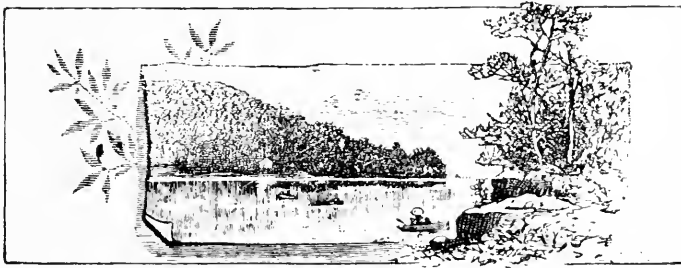
Including—August!

What though the summer sun be hot,
Each one should do his duty still ;
As Christians, all must watch and pray,—
Work with an earnest heart and will,
Each week—each month— yes, *all the year!*

Including—August!

THE MOUNTAINS.

The mountains are God's monuments,
They point to Heaven above ;
Telling of His wondrous grace,
Reminders of His love,
And like those massive granite hills,
His love can never die ;
'Tis reflected on the mountain side,
On earth and sea and sky.



WHERE MOTHER IS 'TIS "HOME SWEET HOME."

Written the year before Mother's death. 1895.

Many thoughts of tender beauty,
 In the ages that are past,
 Have been written 'neath the skies blue vaulted dome;
 Songs of Nature, Love and Heaven,
 But the sweetest of them all,
 Are the songs that tell of Mother and of Home.
 Through-out life's toilsome journey,
 Temptations oft beset,
 Our pathway, from the cradle to the grave;
 It is in that trying hour,
 That we need a mother's love,
 For a mother's love is strong to help and save.

You may search the wide world over,
 And rare beauties you may find,
 As fair and bright as evening stars above;
 But like every earthly pleasure,
 All is vanity and dross,
 You'll find nothing that can equal mother's love.
 Who is the tireless watcher?
 Who sits the long night through?
 And bends above her child so young and fair?
 And although her eyes are weary,
 She refuses sleep's embrace,
 Ah! you'll find it is a mother watching there!

You may never know another,
 Who to you will be so kind,
 As the dear and loving one who gave you birth:
 She's the sharer of your sorrows,
 Of your hopes, your joys and fears,
 She's the dearest friend you'll ever have on earth.
 "There's no home like a mother's,"
 The dear old motto reads,

You'll find it true as through the world you roam ;
Then protect, love and defend her,
For you soon may see the day,
When you will not have a mother and a home.

In sickness or in health,
In poverty or wealth,
You'll find this maxim true where'ere you roam ;
Though your dwelling be a palace,
A humble cot, or hovel,
If tis graced by mother's presence, it is "*Home Sweet Home.*"

CHARITY.

If some poor weak brother, stumbles, falls,
Do not stand and laugh to cause him pain;
But rather go to him in "*Charit*,"
And when he sees *you* care for him,
He'll strive to be a man again.



WOOD ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE

THE BEACON OF WOOD ISLE.

[To my friend Mrs. A. B. Blanchard, Biddeford, Maine.]

NOTE.—Wood Island is one of several islands in Saco Bay and lies just on the entrance of the River Saco. It is about eight hundred yards in length, nearly covered with trees and in plain view from Biddeford Pool, Ferry Beach, Old Orchard Beach, Prout's Neck and Cape Elizabeth. On the eastern end of the Island is Wood Island Light House. The tower, which is connected with the keeper's dwelling, is forty-seven feet high and its revolving red light flashes every minute. The light is sixty-two feet above the level of the ocean and may be seen for a distance of thirteen miles.

—United States Coast Survey.

The lighthouse on the Wooded Isle,
Like a sentinel lifts its tall gray form ;
Through changing years, the massive frame
Has breasted wind and storm.

When 'round it shrieks the wintry blast,
Rude hurricanes, its walls assail ;
Unmoved it stands, nor bows before
The fury of the gale.

Its ponderous, towering shaft by day,
May seem ungraceful to the eye ;
But ah ! As night's dark shadows fall,
And starless is the sky,

When over all the land and sea,
Is heard the tempest's sullen roar ;
The fierce and angry billows, dash
Upon the rock-bound shore.

'Tis *then* its usefulness is felt ;
The sailor, ever watchful, brave ;
With joyful heart beholds the light
That gleams across the wave.

By its bright rays, his ship, he guides,
Past where the hidden dangers lay ;
And grateful for the warning given
Pursues his onward way.

Thus nightly, through the passing years,
 The Island Beacon faithfully
 Illumes the sailor's dreary course
 Upon the trackless sea.

But where would be its usefulness,
 Or where the Beacon's wondrous power ;
 Without the hand that feeds the flame
 Flashing from you gray tower ?

Oft up the narrow winding stairs,
 The keeper of the light must go ;
 He ceases not his faithful watch,
 Nor lets the lamp burn low.

May we not in the lighthouse, find
 A useful lesson there in store ?
 Beside life's restless sea, are we not
 Lights along the shore ?

We too, would useless be and weak,
 If it were not for higher powers ;
 Life's fame can only be sustained
 By mightier will than ours.

With rays of kindly love, 'tis ours
 To cheer some poor discouraged soul ;
 To help dispel the deeper gloom
 Where waves of sorrow roll.

Withholding not the friendly hand,
 Tis ours the erring to forgive ;
 And by example, teach mankind
 The better way to live.

Life's mighty tower is *Character*,
 (Pure, spotless, upright, free from blame)
Intelligence our surest lamp,
True Knowledge is the flame.

The world's best thought we may possess,
 Through it life's joy one truly finds ;
 T'is our great privilege to be
A light to other minds.

And so may we, while life remains
Make brighter every passing day ;
And if perchance, from our faint lamp
There falls some slanting ray,

Across a toiling brother's path,
Less strong than we and weaker willed ,
If thus we've helped him—Then is life's
Most cherished wish fulfilled.



A MAN CAN BE HONEST THOUGH POOR.

On a cold winter's day, through the deep-drifted snow,
 A beggar was wandering the street ;
 He was ragged and weary, he'd no place to go,
 He was longing for something to eat.
 He had tried to get food nearly all the day long,
 But they turned him away from their door ;
 And he rather would die of starvation than steal,
 He was honest, although he was poor.

His heart nigh discouraged, he wended his way
 Unheeded by young or the old ;
 When a wonderful sight met the poor beggar's eyes,
On the snow lay a purse filled with gold.
 The tempter said, "Keep it, you're hungry, you know,
 For the rich man has enough more ;"
 But the beggar said, "No! the right owner I'll find,
I'll be honest, although I am poor!"

The keen pangs of hunger still gnawed at his breast ;
 How he longed for a mouthful of bread ;
 But they turned him away, *tho' 'twas for the last time,*
 'Ere the morning this beggar was dead.
 With naught but the stars to watch over him,
 He had passed to that beautiful shore ;
 Where the *angels*, with hearts full of love *welcomed home*
This beggar, although he was poor.

GLAD DAYS OF SPRING.

When at last earth is free from the chill Winter's gloom,
 Then the joy-laden Spring days we cheerfully hail ;
 With willing hearts welcome the flowers that bloom,
 On mountain and hillside, in forest and vale.

Touched by the warm sunlight and slow-falling showers,
 Each flowering shrub with a new life grows fair ;
 What with odorous Pine, Violet and Mayflower,
 There's a fragrance delicious pervading the air !

From out the blue depths of the soft April sky,
 Delightful bird music is wafted below ;
 There's a charm in the landscape, which pleases the eye,
 There are unalloyed pleasures wherever we go.

In the cool Alder-shade, 'neath green pasture hill,
 Unfettered and free runs the deep narrow stream ;
 Past the motionless wheel of the old unused mill,
 Its waters reflecting the sun's lurid gleam.

As a-field, with his ploughshare, the gray farmer goes,
 Right well knoweth he 'tis seed-time of the year :
 These, to him, are the days when life's cup overflows,
 With unspeakable joy, calm, contentment and cheer.

The upper air cleaving, on tireless wing,
 Nature's wee feathered songsters are hopeful and glad ;
 When earth is aglow with the freshness of Spring,
 Ah ! how can the bosom of mortal be sad ?

SHIP ON THE RESTLESS SEA.

Leaving the Port for a far-off land,
 Sailing away o'er the billows grand ;
 The good ship, moving gracefully,
 Seems a thing of life on the deep, blue sea.
 Bound on her mission,
 Over the sea;
 Like a bird on its pinions,
 So graceful and free.

Storm-clouds gather o'er all the deep,
 The thunders roll, the lightnings leap ;
 Through the darksome night, above—below,
 The winds through the rigging shriek and blow,
 Past many a cliff, whose rounded dome
 Is white with the spray of the ocean's foam,
 She struggles on, while her crew so brave
 Manfully battle with wind and wave.

The storm is past, the night is o'er,
 The morning sun, on sea and shore,
 Brightly gleams
 On sea and shore,
 And the brave ship faithfully,
 From wind and tempest free;
 Pursues her onward course
 Over the rolling sea.
 Breasting the foaming waves,
 Her voyage will soon be past;
 With a faithful hand to steer and guide,
 She'll enter the port at last.

* * * * *

Like a ship on the restless sea,
 Is the storm tossed-human soul;
 Passing temptations rocks and bars,

O'er many a hidden shoal.
But there's One who our bark will guide,
A Hand that will safely guide ;
At the helm He stands, we need not fear,
He'll bear us o'er life's rough tide.

Then what care we though the waves run high,
We're ever safe with our Pilot nigh ;
Then let us with joy pursue life's way,
Till dawns for us the Eternal Day :
And we've anchored safe in the Heavenly Bay.

WHEN THE YEAR IS OLD.

In loving remembrance of Father—Albert A. Brooks. HE "PASSED OVER THE STARS" INTO "REST" December 31st, 1899: aged 67 years, 3 months and 6 days. He was an HONEST man and beloved by all who knew him.

When the year is old,
And the days wax cold,
The searching North winds blow;
When earth is white—
All glistening bright
With Winter's drifting snow;

Ah! then we think of those happy hours,
When the air was fragrant with scented flowers;
When Lilly-blooms nodded in sunshine and rain,
And verdant grew valley and orchard and lane.
The world, to our vision, glowed pleasant and fair,
While a wonderful charm seemed to hover in air.

But those were the days
When the year was young;
And Winter's low dirge
As yet unsung.

Now the passing clouds are dull and gray,
And ever the chilling breeze
Is chanting a solemn, mournful lay,
In the boughs of the leafless trees.

And over and over,
The whole day long,
I hear the refrain of its sad, sad song.

*“The year is old,
And bleak and cold
Is his chill and icy breath;
His step is slow,
He must soon lie low
In the waiting arms of Death!”*

And "Echo's" soft murmur steals over the snow.
 *"Yes, the year is fading
 And sinking low."*

But listen ! a sweeter, more hopeful refrain
Is wafted o'er hilltop and snow-mantled plain !
 And this is the song that greets the ear,
 Dispelling the gloom of the dying year.

*"Ho ! After the Winter days are o'er,
There will come brighter hours to earth once more ;
All hearts will be made to rejoice and sing,
As they welcome again the return of Spring."*

* * * * * * *

 When the heart grows old,
 And life's tale is told,
 The frost of Age appears ;
 When the hair is white,
 And dimmed the sight,
 In the passing of the years ;
How the mind goes back to those joyous hours,
When "Youth's" happy pathway was strewn with flowers ;
Through the mists of past years, to life's glad Spring-time,
When Hopes Golden Bells rang their merriest chime ;
And free as the birds that were flitting in air,
Was the bosom of "Childhood" from sorrow and care.
 But those were the days
 When the heart was young ;
 And the song of Age
 Was as yet unsung.

Down the western sky, o'er the mountains gray,
 Life's sun is sinking fast ;
A soul sits waiting, at close of day,
 Till twilight hours are passed.

 And amid the shadows
 Deep and long,
The night winds whisper a sad, sad song.

*"A heart has grown old,
 Life's Story is told;
 Weaker each fleeting breath,
 Feeble and slow,
 It must soon lie low
 In the waiting arms of Death."*

And *"Echo"* repeats the mournful lay,

*"A soul faint and weary
 Is passing away."*

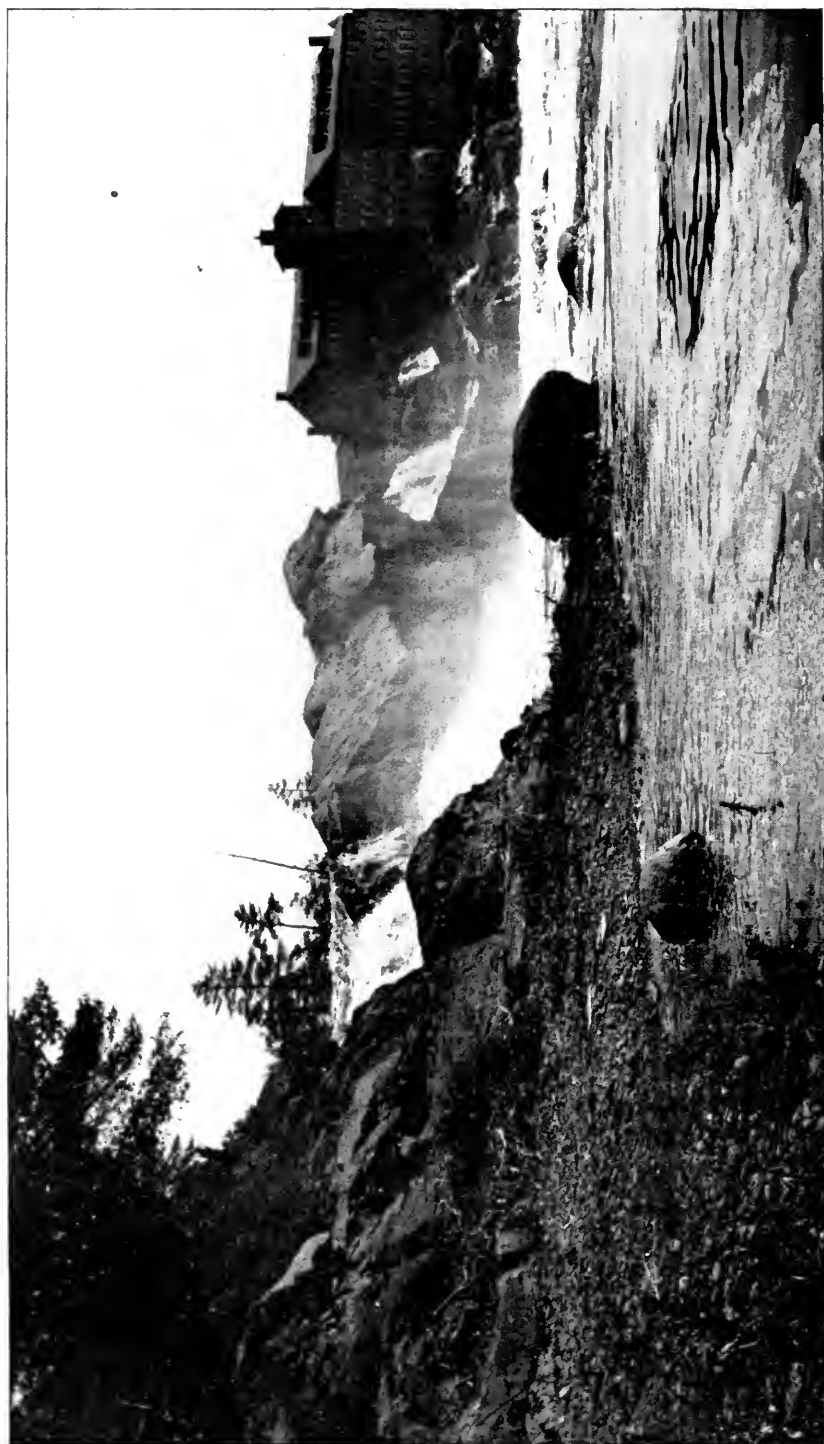
Ever joyous and hopeful, again, yet again,

From Heaven there comes a sweet tender refrain :

And this is the song that greets the ear,

Dispelling the gloom of Death's dark fear:

*"O mortal, rejoice! Grim Death cannot hold thee!
 Omnipotent Arms will forerer enfold thee!
 Though through the Dark Valley, Death's pinions may take you,
 Still Christ standeth near, He will never forsake you;
 His Spirit leads on, past the gates of the tomb,
 To where Eden's sweet flowers eternally bloom;
 The soul wakes to new Life, on that far, Viewless Shore,
 Passing over the stars, into "Rest" evermore!"*



THE ANDROSCOGGIN'S STONE PROFILE.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN'S STONE PROFILE.

Stern, expressionless and cold,
 In the centuries untold,
 That face upon its granite couch has lain ;
 There amid the spray and mist,
 Its bold features ever kissed
 Alike by Winter's snow or Summer rain.

Swift the seasons come and go,
 Bringing happiness or woe ;
 Time holds for man its mingled joy and blame.
 Generations pass away,
 The world changes day by day ;
 Yet, like Egypt's Sphinx that face remains the same.

Could those lips in speech be heard,
 Ah! how charmed each uttered word !
 Pouring fourth some thrilling tale of olden time ;
 Legends of dark Indian days,
 The sturdy Pioneer's quaint ways ;
 The struggles of a Nation in its prime !

They could tell of these, aye! more!
 Of the centuries before
 Man ever came near river bank to dwell !
 All unmoved upon its throne,
 Silence seals those lips of stone ;
 Of the Storied Past they can no secrets tell.

As it lies, with vacant stare
 Gazing on the upper air,
 In that rugged, rough-hewn profile, all may trace
 God's marvellous work and skill ;
 He who fashioned rock and hill
 Ever speaks to mankind in that upturned face.

Speaks of Immortality,
Of a new life yet to be ;
A more perfect future far beyond earth's shore.
Although man was born to die,
Nature, in the earth and sky
Breathes the promise of a Life Forevermore !

THE PAUPER.

His face is thin and wrinkled :—life's closing day appears,
No loving heart to comfort his few remaining years ;
Aged now and lonely, he sits beside the door,
An inmate of the poor-house—a *Pauper*—nothing more.

Although they call him " Pauper," once was the glad, good time,
When he was loved and honored, in manhood's early prime ;
With mind of broadest culture, a warm and generous heart,
In life's affairs, once active, he bore a manly part.

Polite, erect in stature, upon his youthful face
The lines of honest virtue, one readily could trace ;
Then, friends were pleased to answer his every wish and call,
Were proud to give him greeting, in street, in church, or hall.

A loving wife and children made home-life sweet and fair,
Until, with noiseless footsteps, Death's Angel entered there ;
And one by one the loved ones from earthly scenes had flown,
Leaving him in sorrow, dejected and alone.

With failure and disaster came loss of hard-earned wealth,
Discouragement soon followed—then—breaking down of health ;
His friends no longer knew him, now that his " all " was gone,
Blighted were life's prospects, his heart crushed and forlorn.

In silence, now, he passes life's dreary afternoon,
Waiting for the summons which must come sure and soon ;
His white hands calmly folded, he sits from day to day
Half dozing in the sunshine, dreaming the hours away.

With eyes toward the future—the past which lies behind
Is but a saddened memory to that frail, senile mind ;
He heeds not how time passes—he now can do no more
Than simply wait in patience, till the days of life are o'er.

Perhaps, in tender memory, his thoughts go back again
To happy days of Childhood, when, free from care and pain

He felt the hand of mother rest lightly on his head,
In fancy, still, he sees her kneeling by his trundle bed.

Oh! the hopes, the aspirations, that filled that mother's breast!
As to her loving bosom, the childish form she pressed;
Little dreaming then, the wee babe beside her knee,
Would, through sad, dire misfortune, sometime a "Pauper" be!

Ah! 'tis the same old story, repeated o'er and o'er,
We know not what the future may hold for us in store;
The kindly heart of friendship, that today we lean upon,
May prove untrue tomorrow, its love from us withdrawn.

In the struggle for existence, the fortune of today
May on the coming morrow be quickly swept away;
The child, born in a palace, reared in luxurious ways,
In poverty and sorrow may pass life's closing days.

There's a *sting* in that word "Pauper," 'tis a *harsh* and *cruel* name!
Though a man is poor and friendless, *he* may not be to blame;
In years gone by, some mother has kissed that furrowed brow;
That form, though bent and weary, still bears God's image now!

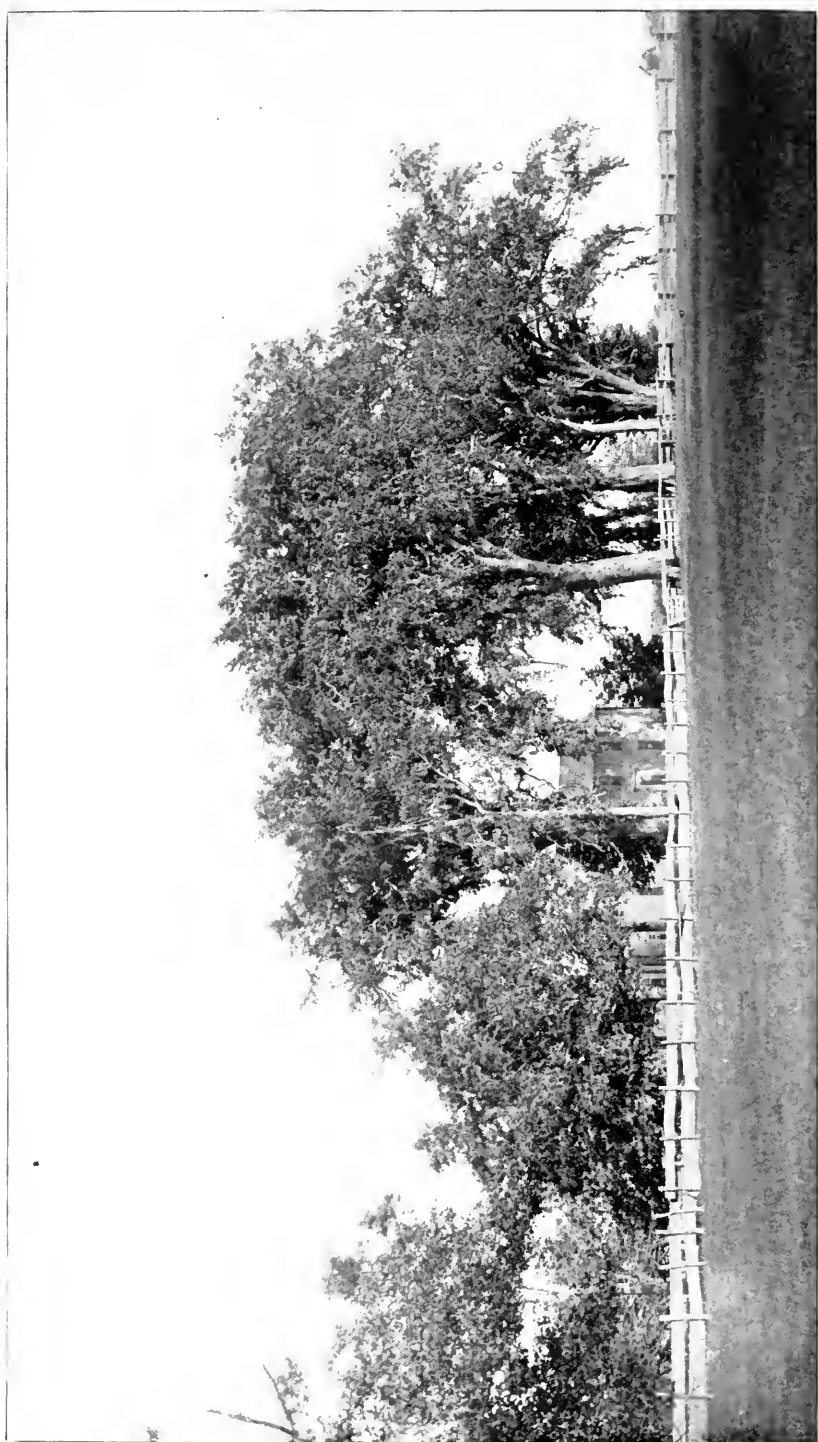
Though poor, he still is *human*, he has a soul to save;
There's a place for *him* in Heaven, a rest beyond the grave;
His loved ones, o'er the river, *he* hopes once more to greet,
To *him*, as unto others, *God sends His promise sweet.*

Then *call him not a Pauper!* 'tis a *harsh*, a *cruel* name!
Poor and old and friendless, yet, *him* we must not blame!
Sometime, beyond earth's shadows, that soul will take its flight,
It may pass away at noon-day, or in stillness of the night.

It is all the same to him, as he sits from day to day,
Half dozing in the sunshine, dreaming the hours away;
His old heart longs for rest, for the time to hasten nigh,
When he will leave earth's dwelling for a home beyond the sky.

Aged now and lonely, on a bench beside the door
Sits an inmate of the poor-house—a Pauper—nothing more;
Yet, sometime *God's Bright Angel*, in that "Land beyond the blue,"
Will open the "Gates of Heaven," while a "Pauper" passes through!

UNDER THE CHASE ELMS.



UNDER THE CHASE ELMS.

NOTE :—Just below Laurel Hill Cemetery, on the road to Saco Ferry, and overlooking the river, stand several great elms. They are known as the "CHASE ELMS" and are among the largest and most beautiful trees in York County. Transplanted from the Ferry to their present location, over 135 years ago by Deacon Amos Chase, they are looked upon with veneration by the citizens of Saco, as old landmarks—silent, yet eloquent reminders of the soul-stirring and thrilling incidents of the historic past.

Away from the noise of the bustling city,
Where verdure-clad lowlands are kissed by the tide;
Where the Ferry Road curves in a graceful half-crescent,
The old Elms stand in their grandeur and pride.

Of wondrous circumference, huge giants in stature,
Spreading far into space their magnificent arms;
With towering tops over-looking the landscape,
Of green fields and meadows, of forests and farms.

Half concealed by the hill-tops, the deep quiet river
Slowly seaward in beauty and majesty goes;
Where the vales intervene, now and then I catch glimpses
Of its silvery brightness as onward it flows.

Toward the west, where the sun through the day's closing hours,
Diffuses its gold e're it fades from our view;
I behold in the distant the tall city spires
In perfect outline 'gainst a background of blue

Like a crown on the brow of the fair verdant uplands,
Rise the tall noble forests of sweet-scented Pine;
While from tree-tops about me, the feathery songsters
Are praising their Maker in music divine.

Thus beneath these great Elms, looking out o'er the landscape,
From far-away hills to near meadow and fen;
All nature is wearing the jewels of summer,
Suggestive of God and his goodness to men.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

[A tribute to little John Dolby, passed away at Saco, Me., February 20, 1900.]

Though a frail little being, all felt keen delight,
 In extending him greeting, as night after night
 On the street, with papers close under his arm,
 He moved through the crowds, all unmindful of harm,
 Often great brawny men, with face sturdy and grim,
 Would cross o'er the street just to purchase of him;
 And their hearts grew more tender, their eyes filled with tears,
 As a soft uttered "*Thank you, sir,*" greeted their ears.

Brave, honest, reliant, truth shone in his eye,
 As he cried, "*Evening Papers,*" to each passer-by;
 Respected and loved by young and the old,
 Each night, e're he slept, all his papers were sold.
 Though in stature deformed, still t'was easy to trace
 The lines of true courage on his bright, manly face;
 A weakling, amid the world's sorrow and strife,
 He acted *his* part in the "*Battle of Life.*"

Oft times he would go, in the long summer day,
 To the Beach, where society's sceptre held sway;
 And from earliest dawn, through the afternoon hours—
 His basket o'er-flowing with sweet-scented flowers—
 Happy-hearted, amid the gay throng, he would roam,
 Earning pennies, to help his dear mother at home;
 What an unselfish life! A sight grand to behold!
 A good name he was winning, *more precious than gold.*

But the time must soon come, when seashore and street
 Would no longer be kissed by the poor tired feet;
 When people would watch for the loved face in vain,
 Or list for the voice they would ne'er hear again.
 The same cheerful smile, through the slow passing day
 Played 'round the thin lips, as on sick bed he lay;
 Hope illumined his features, wan, pallid and white,
 While those blue eyes still glowed with a warm, pleasant light.

In calm resignation, submissive and meek,
No murmured complaint, through the long dreary week
Escaped the frail form, although weary and worn,
With true patience divine, was his sufferings borne.
All eyes looked in pity on the small wasting frame,
While hearts became milder at sound of his name ;
All were conscious, that here in this dark world of greed,
He had done what he could to help others in need.

The pale lips are sealed, the sweet spirit has flown,
To that beautiful Homeland, where death is unknown ;
Resting peacefully, now, in the arms of God's care.
To *mansions Eternal*, a *Bright Crown* an heir.
Gaining riches above—he *has left riches behind*,
A character spotless, pure, noble and kind ;
And unto him, now, *perfect being is given*,
He in *full stature* dwells in the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE CHAPEL IN THE VALE.

NOTE :—The original of "The Chapel in the Vale," is the pretty little Gothic church near the track of the Grand Trunk Railway, at West Bethel, Maine.

[To my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge Wheeler, West Bethel, Maine.]

Earth seems so fair 'neath sunlit August skies,
The blue-bird's song is heard in forest glade,
While on the hills, in calm contentment lies
The cattle 'neath the Beach trees cooling shade.

The wayside flowers lift their plumey tops,
A golden cup, each holds in mute delight;
Filled to the brim with sparkling jeweled, drops,
From warm and friendly dews of yesternight.

Slow, drowsily the gentle South wind blows,
'Neath its caress the green leaves idly sway;
Drawing sweet nectar from the wild, red rose,
The busy bee pursues its droning way.

The sunlight falls aslant the river's breast,
Above its banks the towering hills rise high;
Vignetted is each tall, gray mountain crest,
In rounded outline 'gainst the azure sky.

The warm, light breeze disturbs the tasseled corn,
That growing makes the valley yet more fair;
Peace hovers o'er the land—*'tis Sabbath morn*,
A holy languor fills the scented air.

The little hamlet nestles 'mong the hills—
Within each home, true, sincere love abides;
A reverent hush, the sacred hour fills,
Save sound of sheep-bells from the mountain sides.

O'er shadowed by the steep, bold granite cliffs;
On Village Green the house of worship stands;

Its pointed Gothic spire upward lifts—
A scene for Poet's pen or Artist's hand!

In measured accents, o'er the mountains float
The dulcet music of the Chapel bell ;
God's voice seems speaking in each deep toned note,
That echoes over hilltop, field and dell.

The call to worship, far and near is heard,
The people haste its summons to obey;
With solemn mien, to hear God's preachèd word,
Along the road they take their churchward way.

And willingly, they bow the listening ear,
With joy receive the simple Gospel tale ;
The " Straight and Narrow Way, " in Godly fear
They walk by faith, though of't grave doubts assail.

Within those sacred walls, the atmosphere
Seems heavy with sweet incense from on high ;
A holy place, to Christian hearts most dear ;
Rejoicing in the thought that *God is nigh*.

The varied hues from stained glass windows glow,
In beauty, blending with the suns bright rays ;
Till floods of glory shine on all below,
As worshipers engage in prayer and praise.

The organist, a simple prelude plays,
Followed by pastor in short earnest prayer;
While through the open window softly strays
The perfumed breeze from woods and meadows fair.

How fervent is the preacher's uttered word:
His heartfelt message tells a Savior's love;
Each soul before him, to its depths is stirred,
He leads their thoughts to holy things above.

The sermon ended, all with hearty will
Unite with choir in the closing hymn:
Whose cadence sweet, o'er yonder distant hill
Is wafted on in faint, low echoes dim.

One moment, near the door, the people pause
In little groupings to grasp the friendly hand;
Or speak together of God's blessed cause,
How He in love a great salvation planned.

Among them, I behold a saintly face,
Celestial light seems resting on his brow;
A faithful Steward in God's Holy Place,
And mindful he of every sacred vow.

Year after year, in his accustomed pew,
Each Sabbath morn has found him sitting there;
While close beside him, is one ever true—
His sweet faced wife, with crown of snow-white hair.

Together they have walked life's chosen way,
From youth to age to love's strong arm they've clung;
Life's sunset passing—nearing twilight gray,
Eyes dimmed with age—*but still their hearts are young.*

Beloved are they by all who know true worth,
Their lives have been unselfish, sweet and grand;
May they, when called away from scenes of earth,
Find just reward in that Bright Glory Land.

God bless the little Chapel in the Vale!
In past'ral beauty, may it long abide!
Its influence for good can never fail,
Tis known beyond the hamlet far and wide'

Its Gothic spire the Gospel story tells,
The grandest tale on Scriptures Holy page;
And echoed o't in joyous Easter Bells,
It stands supreme through every passing age.

SUMMER AMONG THE HILLS.

(At Bethel Maine.)

O Summer months! so full of gladsome cheer!
 Scattering thy sweets o'er this broad land of ours;
 The dearest months in all the changing year,
 Brightening earth with lovely blossoming flowers.
 Neath smiling skies, the fields are green and fair.

Above, below,
 There is beauty everywhere!

Laden with balm, light blows the morning breeze;
 The corn-tops sway beneath its gentle power;
 Its breath is cool, among the orchard trees,
 Its soft caress woos tender bud and flower.
 While all around, the scented apple-blooms,

Wind-swayed, send forth
 A thousand sweet perfumes,

Eastward, the warm sun, rising bright and clear
 Bathes the landscape in a flood of gold;
 All glory-crowned, the mountains far and near
 Lift towering peaks, in rugged outline bold.
 And shafts of light pierce dreary solitude,

Dispelling gloom
 Of mossy fen and wood.

High overhead, the Skylark and the Thrush
 Pour forth their notes in glad melodious lays;
 And bird-life everywhere on bough and bush,
 Are ever rendering their Creator's praise.
 Happy little winged musicians they;

Skyward flitting,
 Singing all the day.

Sun, moon and stars, the glories of the sky,
 The Summer blooms, that perfume all the air;
 The mountains, their grand summits rearing high,

Summer Among the Hills.

The birds, whose song helps lighten day's dull care ;
The Season's dearest gifts, without alloy,

God created all
For mankind to enjoy!

Ah! Could we happy be, through the long days
Of all the changing seasons of the year;
Our souls be always filled with love and praise,
Each heart-beat set to music of "*Good Cheer*;"
How sweet for us would be life's golden chime,

If in our hearts,
T'were Summer all the time!

THE ARTIST-SEASON.

Gray Autumn time at last is here,
The Artist-Season of the year!

With perfect taste, unerring hand,
He paints in rarest tints the land.

A master, true, with light and shade,
Displaying skill in field and glade.

His touch, transforming emerald green
Of wooded dell to golden sheen.

The far-off hillside, sloping down,
He touches, *lo! tis scar and broken!*

The leaves, he changes in a night,
To hues of red and amber bright.

When field and wood his touch has known,
All trace of summer days have flown.

No greenery, now, the eye beholds,
The great world Autumn's arm enfolds.

And his weird fancy often weaves
Strange pictures 'mong the tinted leaves.

Yet fair is all the land, to view;
Dressed in the sunsets golden hue.

While everywhere, true harmony,
Of blending color greets the eye.

As in summer days, the woodland stream
Flowed undisturbed, 'neath sun's bright gleam.

So the limpid waters ripple still
Through field and fen by mounded hill.

Hastening towards the river grand,
Its breast unchanged by Autumn's hand.

For Autumn's hand, though skilled and bold,
Can only change earth's green to gold!

And He, who lights the "Stars of Even"
Has no other power to Autumn given.

The laughing streams will run their race,
Till locked in Winter's cold embrace!

'Twas thus, when Universe was made,
Nature's decrees were planned and laid.

The world moves on, in calm or storm,
Each season must its part perform.

As in the Past, so evermore
There's work for each laid up in store.

As of seasons, so, of man tis true;
All have a work on earth to do.

'Tis part of Wisdom's marvelous plan;
First formed when God created man.

Then be our station high, or low,
Come good or ill, come joy or woe;

Placed here, amid earth's grief and strife,
We all may share the toils of life.

*Meet daily tasks with cheerful heart,
And nobly act Life's honored part!*

LESSONS FROM A LIFE.

[In tender memory of Rev. T. Arthur Frey, late pastor of the Second Congregational Church, Biddeford, Maine. Passed away at University Park, Denver, Colorado, January 8, 1900.]

Within memory's precious casket,
Those loved features we enshrine ;
Thoughts of him, but draw us nearer
To the " Light of Truth " divine.
Called hence from life's field of action
In the flush of manhood's prime ;
Silent——yet he ever speaketh
With persuasive power sublime.

Called of God—a faithful steward,
Earnest, sincere, true and kind ;
Noble type of christian manhood,
High ideals filled heart and mind.
Standing 'mong his fellow mortals,
As a bright and shining light ;
Never compromising evil,
Champion always for the right.

Loving all things pure and holy,
Witness to the " Living Truth ;"
Both by precept and example
Moulding heart and mind of youth.
His great soul went out in pity
T'ward those 'neath oppression's ban ;
Aiding every high endeavor
For the betterment of man.

Faith illumined all his teachings,
Prayerfully each line was wrought ;
Earnestness marked every sentence,
Beauty clothed each varied thought.
Purest gems of truth and wisdom
From his lips like pearls would roll ;

To his hearers, oft revealing
The true grandeur of his soul.

Themes of loftiest conception,
All the deep emotions stirred;
Speaking for his blessed Master,
Heart and soul was in each word.
Tenderly, his Christ he pictures,
By the waves of Galilee;
Or with vividness portrays Him
On the Cross of Calvary.



REV. T. ARTHUR FREY.

Or in glorious triumph rising
From the grave 'neath Easter skies;
Now amid the clouds ascending
To His throne in Paradise.
Thus, he taught a "Risen Saviour,"
Of His love so full and free;
Breathing hope of future glory,
Preaching "Immortality."

Bearing in this world of sorrow,
The true christians honored part ;
Face beamed as with light from heaven,
Joy and peace glowed in his heart.
Gaining strength and help and wisdom
From the "Fountain-head " above ;
Firm his faith and grounded ever
In a gospel born of love.

A student of the Book of Nature,
Learning from its pages fair,
E'en the humblest wayside flower
Held for him some beauty rare.
And the grand old towering forest,
Wherein oft his footsteps trod ;
Was to him a *sacred temple*
Consecrated to his God.

Breezes murmuring through the tall pines,
Sweetly sighing, low and dim ;
Was to him celestial music,
Breathings of a far-off hymn.
And to him the starry heavens,
Was a book, whose every page
Teemed with grand and wondrous mystery,
With wisdom of age on age.

How he loved the summer landscape !
The sweet minstrels of the air !
In the woods, the fields, the flowers,
He found beauty everywhere !
And the glory of the sunset
That preceeds the twilight gray ;
Was to him, the joyous promise
Of a new and brighter day !

* * * * *

Now—beyond those gates of sunset,
To a bright and better land ;
His great soul has winged its passage,
Guided by the Father's hand.
Far away, beyond earth's tumult,
To that distant, unseen shore ;

Lessons From A Life.

*“Crossed the Bar” to meet his “Pilot”
Entered sweet rest evermore.*

*Gone—but ah, forgotten—never ‘—
Until life shall cease to be ;
To those hearts, that knew and loved him,
Precious is his memory.
And the light of his example
Sheds its rays about our feet ;
While his influence still lingers,
Blessing earth like incense sweet.*

THE WORLD'S READY HELPERS.

What good do you do bright sun as you pass
 Along your way through the azure blue?
 'Tis said, that you cheer the whole world with your beams;
 Pray tell me, O "King of the day," is it true?
 "Yes 'tis true, as I move from east to west,
 My rays cheer homes that are gloomy and sad;
 I cause flowers to bloom, as the days roll by,
 I make the heart of the great world glad."

Silvery moon, as the "Banner of Night,"
 Over the sleeping earth is unfurled,
 As you roll along 'mid the numberless stars,
 Do you help to cheer and brighten the world?
 "Yes, I guide the mariner's ship at night,
 As onward it sails o'er the ocean's foam;
 And many a traveler, weary and worn,
 My light has guided with safety home."

Sweet bird, from the depth of thy forest home,
 Does part of this work belong to thee?
 "Yes, our song cheers the hearts of both rich and poor,
 We flood all the earth with our melody."
 "Yes, and I too," said a tender flower,
 "By my sweet fragrance, beauty and bloom,
 Bring cheer to the heart of some dying soul,
 As it passes from earth to the tomb."

Brother and friend, as life's journey we tread,
 Do we help those who are weak and sad?
 Do we gather thorns or pluck sweetest flowers?
 Are we striving each day to make some heart glad?
 It lies in the power of everyone
 To make life sweeter, more noble and true,
 In the work of making the world bright and happy,
 The humblest heart may find something to do.

THE BELL OF LEXINGTON.

In the quaint belfry tower still hangs the old bell,
The same as of yore, on that clear April morning
When afar over Middlesex's valleys and hills
Its brazen tones rang out their terrible warning.

Spreading War's wild alarms,
Over Lexington's farms;

At the sound, every patriot son sprang to arms!
They quickly assembled by roadside and plain,
Freedom's cause to defend and their rights to maintain.

Paul Revere, that American noble and brave,
Whose name is e're linked with fair Liberty's story;
From Charlestown had come on that famous night ride,
That will ever crown him and his charger with glory.

With a voice loud and clear,
On the chill midnight air

He shouted, "*Awake men! The Regulars are near!*"
And the bell clanging forth, pealing out the refrain,
The message re-echoed again and again.

From the farm windows, brightly the candle lights gleamed,
Rich and poor, old and young, heard with great consternation
The alarm of the messenger galloping by,
While the village was stirred to its very foundation.

Still that brave little band
Were determined to stand

And if need be to perish for liberty grand.
They would sacrifice all that was dearest in life,
Yielding not to the foemen, though bitter the strife,

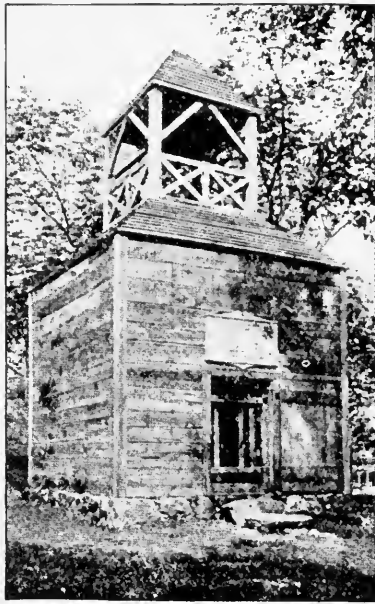
The Red-Coats advancing, some eight hundred strong,
With Major Pitcairn at the head of the legion;
Had marched all the way from Boston, to cope
With a handful of farmers from Middlesex region!

When the battle-cloud broke,
With its thunder and smoke,

The Minute-men stood with a heart as of oak.
Till outnumbered, were forced to retreat from the place,
Leaving eight of their comrades in death's cold embrace.

For a "*Principal*," *righteous and noble*, they stood,
Grim earnestness marked every movement and action ;
United were they in one just, common cause,
They knew not the bold lines of party or faction.

But primed was the gun



OLD BELFRY AT LEXINGTON.

Of each father and son ;
Though they knew from the first victory ne'er could be won ;
And History's pages the story will tell
Of the heroes that mourn who for Liberty fell !

Though defeated and wounded, each heart beat with hope,
They would *yet* win in battle, though greatly outnumbered ;
Independence to them was not merely a dream,
In their bosom the Spirit of Freedom ne'er slumbered !

Amid War's clash and din,
The Britons might win ;

But they *never* could conquer the "feeling" *within!*
 Upon Lexington Green was re-kindled anew
 The fires of Freedom and Liberty true!

On that historic Common, where Patriots fell,
 Stands the Altar, to which our hearts turn with devotion;
 From the north to the south-land its fair fame is known,
 It is wafted o'er mountains, from ocean to ocean!

And Americans know,

On that soil long ago

Where a handful of men faced an unequal foe,
 The blood of those heroes, on that cool April morn,
Marked the spot where our glorious Nation was born!

When the musketry rattled on Lexington Green,
 And by old Concord Bridge, *it made tyranny tremble*
 Our mountains and hills the grand echoes awoke,
 From everywhere, heroes began to assemble.

And old Lexington's bell

Rang the tyrants death knell;

On American soil, soon doomed Monarchy fell!
 And never again will its strong chains enslave
 The Youth of our Country, the hearts of the brave!

O Lexington! proud must thou be to enfold
 A great Nation's birthplace within thy green border!
 Guard well the fair spot, to our race ever dear,
 Over each sacred shrine, stand a faithful, true warder!

And from homes henceforth free,

Hearts will turn unto thee;

With a sincere devotion, where-e're they may be!
 And thy praise, far and near, will for ages resound,
Where-ever the child of a Freeman is found!

In its quaint, aged tower, hangs Lexington's bell!
 Though its tones mingle not with the cannons loud rattle;
 For the white wings of *Peace* hovers over our homes,
 Nevermore rings the summons, "*To Arms*" or "*To Battle!*"

We have Liberty grand!

Yet, at word of command

A million would rise in defence of our land!

They would show the invader, who dares touch our shore,
 That the *Spirit of '75* lives evermore!

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